

THE
WANDERER:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF
CHARLES SEARLE, Esq;

CONTAINING
His ADVENTURES by Sea and Land.
WITH
Many remarkable CHARACTERS, and
interesting Situations in REAL LIFE;
and a Variety of surprizing Incidents.

V O L. II.

——VELUTI IN SPECULUM.
—— *Where each may see himself,
As in a Glass, reflected.* ANON.

L O N D O N :
Printed for T. LOWNDES, at his Circulating
Library, in Fleet-street.

M.DCC.LXVI.

WANDERER

MEMOIRS

CHARLES SEARLES

His Adventures in the Mountains

and a Variety of Interesting Episodes



LONDON
Printed by T. Bohn in the Strand
1845

CONTENTS

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

BOOK the FOURTH.

CHAP. I.

INTRODUCTORY reflexions.—Charles arrives at R——: His reception.—Extraordinary adventure with Mrs. Wilding.—Lord Gravelton's behaviour on that occasion—That nobleman's proposal to our Hero.

page 1.

CHAP. II.

Event of the Earl's scheme.—A rencounter.—Charles confined:—His return to London.—Behaviour of his old companions.—Meets with Rattle.—Story of Mrs. Clinton.

page 15.

A 2

CHAP.

IV CONTENTS.

CHAP. III.

The History returns to Miss Arran.—Behaviour of Sir L——R——. Escape from him.—A storm.—Unexpected relief. Conduct of Mr. Ellifson. — Journey to London converted to one into the country.
page 34.

CHAP. IV.

Extraordinary behaviour of Mr. Ellifson:—His love;—his promise, and breach of his word.—Leaves his seat.—Harriet again confined.
page 50.

CHAP. V.

Mr. Ellifson's return;—his abrupt declaration:—Its consequence.—His brutal behaviour.—Disconcerted by an accident.—Miss Arran in extreme distress:—Her resolution and departure.
page 64.

CHAP. VI.

Harriet's arrival at her lodgings in London.—Ranelagh adventure.—A plot defeated.—History of Mrs. Benson.—Generous behaviour of Miss Constance.
page 76.

BOOK

CONTENTS. v

BOOK the FIFTH.

CHAP. I.

Charles arrested.—*An unexpected visit, in consequence of which he obtains his discharge. His reception by Lord C——.*
—*A love-scene.—Characters of that nobleman and his lady.* page 91.

CHAP. II.

An extraordinary letter;—the result of it.—
Charles in despair.—He leaves England. page 107.

CHAP. III.

A storm: — A shipwreck: — Miraculous preservation of Mr. Searle.—Surprized by a party of Indians. — A hunting match.—Description of the manners of the Yluanais. page 120.

CHAP. IV.

The policy and maxims of Zaphner. State of the Mission-land. An unexpected meeting. Charles turned Hermit;—conveyed away by force;—arrives at Buenos Ayres. Error of the charts. page 134.

CHAP.

vi CONTENTS.

CHAP. V.

Mr. Searle meets with Clare;—Hears news of his friends. History of Belville and Charlotte Merton continued. Our Hero resolves to embark for England.
page 148.

CHAP. VI.

Charles's reception by Mr. Merton;—Embarks for England. Unexpected meeting with Ashley.—Adventures of that gentleman and Miss Emilia Nairne.—Arrival at Madeira.
page 160.

BOOK

CONTENTS. vii

BOOK the SIXTH.

CHAP. I.

A contrary wind: Captain Clare puts into Morlaix. Adventure of Mademoiselle Cherbillon. A rencounter. Its event. Desperate condition of Charles.
page 171.

CHAP. II.

Retrospective view of the cause of the rencounter.—Mr. Searle's life despaired of;—receives a letter from Miss Arran:—His recovery and embarkation. An accident.—Arrives in England.—History of Miss Emily continued. page 184.

CHAP. III.

Arrival of our Adventurer in London:—His reception by Miss Arran.—A tender scene:—His marriage;—sets out with his bride for Somersetshire. page 197.

CHAP. IV.

Clare in love. Mr. Searle and his lady introduced at court:—Their reception. They are seen by Sir L—— R——. Mr. Nairne's speech and behaviour to Charles;—His death. page 208.

CHAP.

viii CONTENTS.

CHAP. V.

A masquerade adventure ; and its consequences. Sir L—— R——'s exit. Captain Clare returns :—The story of his birth. page 220.

CHAP. VI.

Reflexions.—Our Hero intercedes with Sir James Constance on behalf of his friend. Story of Miss Alton and Mr. Ayres continued. Letters from Madame d'Amboise, and Mr. Belville.—Conclusion. page 232.

THE

THE
WANDERER.

BOOK the FOURTH.

CHAP. I.

Introductory reflexions.—Charles arrives at R—— His reception — Extraordinary adventure with Mrs. Wilding — Lord Gravelton's behaviour on that occasion — That nobleman's proposal to our Hero.

IF the candid reader, from this second stage of our History, casts his reflexions back on the preceding pages, we doubt not but he will own, he has found in them a miniature picture of real life, in its succession from the opening

VOL. II.

B

bud

bud of youth, to the more full blown promise of riper years.—If Nature aids our pen, we trust to give as exact a portraiture of that maturer period, when the passions subside into a more settled course, when strengthened Reason guides with greater power, and teaches to stem the tide of life, sometimes too adverse.

It is not, to attempt the entire subversion of those stronger emotions which so often hurry men beyond themselves; it is not, to sink them in a stoical apathy, that demands our praise, or lays a just claim to the reward of virtue:—But it is to command, to moderate these active principles of life, and make them even subservient to good ends;—*this* is noble, *this* is meritorious, and hence have the greatest heroes, and the most sage philosophers, been formed from tempers the most unpromising; while on the other hand, those who have negligently suffered themselves to be borne down the stream of passion, have, from principles capable of forming the most shining characters, become the very pests of society, and plagues of mankind.

But

But far the greater part of youth, from the *too little*, or the, equally faulty, *too great* restraint of education, or other occurrences in life, are found to deviate from the paths of virtue for a time, yet return (if well principled at first) to their former selves, (like a bow that is bent,) with a stronger recoil, than if they had never erred. — On these principles, the principles of Nature herself, may we form a judgement of all but the abandoned.

But to return to our History. — Nothing extraordinary happened to Mr. *Searle*, till he arrived at *R* — in *B* — shire, at the house of Mr. *Wilding*, who received him, (as did his consort,) with the utmost complaisance, and begged they might have the honour to accommodate him, if he were not otherwise engaged, to which he readily consented, and was from that day received as a boarder in the family. — His next care turned on enquiring for the person to whom his letter was superscribed, by the name of *William Copsley*, Esq; and whose sister was the person his *London* friend had advised him to address as a lover. *Wilding* readily

B 2 answered,

4 *The W A N D E R E R.*

answered, he knew him well; that he was a gentleman lately come to settle in that county, and lived with his sister but a few miles from the town.

The description tallying with what he had heard before from *Newman*, he began to form the most sanguine hopes of success. He delayed not a moment to wait on Mr. *Copsley*, where his reception entirely answered his expectations.

These visits were frequently renewed, in the course of which, having thrown out some hints of his intended address; Mr. *Copsley*, who assumed the plain manners of a country gentleman, frankly gave him to understand, that nothing could be more agreeable to him than an alliance with Mr. *Searle*, of whom he pretended to have heard a high character; and added, that he should prefer such accomplishments, to all the wealth in the world.

Whilst *Charles* was thus amused abroad, the chief scheme was carrying on to engage him at home; and for this purpose Mrs. *Wilding* laid all her snares to entangle him in a criminal passion for her,

her, which would so embarrass him, as completely to answer all their sinister ends, and particularly those of the peer, mentioned in the former volume, whose creatures, in effect, they all of them were, and who had a particular end in thus engaging *Charles*, in order to render him useful in a vile piece of mischief and revenge.

Mrs. *Wilding* was, indeed, young and handsome, and had the affectation, when she pleased, of the mildest temper in the world. Her care, her assiduities, could not but wake, at least, the emotions of gratitude in any towards whom she employed them; nor is it wonderful, if they excited even something more in a heart not guarded by the strictest rules of virtue. Our Adventurer regarded her with a favourable eye; but as, through all the wilder excursions of his youth, he had rarely lost sight of honour, he checked the rising fallies of his passion, which, indeed, he had already suffered too much by, and often purposely avoided her company. But his false friends had determined to overcome him one way or other.

6 *The W A N D E R E R.*

One evening coming home, he had seated himself alone in a back parlour, according to his usual custom, when Mrs. *Wilding* entered : he would have retired ; but she would not permit it, telling him, she had something to communicate which nearly concerned him. Complaisance obliged him to hear her out ; and she began, with many feigned sighs and tears, to complain of the cruel treatment of her husband, with whom she affected to beg his intercession ; but, as if recollecting herself, she cried, “ Alas ! what did I “ say ?—The intercession of a *man* would “ but enrage him, for he is jealous ; nay, “ I know not but he is so of you.—No, “ No—there is no relief for me.—— “ Nay, were my husband tender, I should “ yet be unhappy ; for — but I will be “ silent, and hide my misfortune.” — “ Too well I understand you, madam,” “ (answered *Charles* ;) it would be in me “ a vain affectation to pretend I did not ; “ but summon to your aid your reason, “ quit this false fire which leads you to “ destruction, and think what we both “ owe to the master of this dwelling. “ You as his wife, I as his guest. Be- “ lieve

The W A N D E R E R. 7

*“ lieve not I am insensible to beauty, or
“ to the softer passions ; I have hearkened
“ but too much to them—Hence all my
“ misfortunes. As for you, madam, I
“ acknowledge the power of your charms ;
“ nay, would do any thing to be blessed
“ in the possession of them, any thing
“ but what must be the ruin of us
“ both.”

All the while he was pronouncing this speech, the false fair one kept her eyes upon him, whilst he often averted his, or fixed them on the ground, in order not to meet them. When he had finished, she pronounced a few broken sentences, interrupted with sobs, tears, and all the prevalent arts of mourning beauty, which, while he resisted with the utmost pain ; till perceiving him preparing to fly from so severe a trial, she cried, “ Oh stay, stay, “ I conjure you, for a moment, if it be “ but to see the fatal effects of your tri- “ umph. I have erred, and Heaven has “ punished me in the very object of my “ passion :—But my shame and misery “ end together.” And having uttered these words, she sunk down, to all appearance lifeless, on the floor. Confused

8 *The* W A N D E R E R.

as he was, Mr. *Searle* ran and raised her in his arms, trying all possible means to recover her, while her head reclined, in a kind of languishment, on his bosom.

Just at this instant the door opened, and Mr. *Wilding* entered, introducing the Earl of *Gravelton*, as not seeing them, when, on a sudden, starting back, he cried,—Heavens! before my very face; and, so saying, was rushing forward, but was with-held by the nobleman. Surprise and confusion were painted on the face of *Charles*, who was entirely unprepared for such an incident. However, expecting an attack, he put himself on his defence; but his lordship called aloud for the servants, and would by no means permit them to engage. As to the lady, she retired to her closet, in great *seeming* confusion, but really highly pleased with the mischief she had been the occasion of. Mean-while, to carry on the farce, Lord *Gravelton* pretended to assume the character of a mediator between Mr. *Searle* and the enraged husband; at last, seeming to think he had better defer his remonstrances till another time, he took his leave, requesting our Adventurer to follow

The W A N D E R E R. 9

follow him, as if with an intention of being more fully informed in the affair.

As soon as they were alone, his lordship gave Mr. *Searle* to understand, that he had no room to doubt of a criminal conversation between him and Mrs. *Wilding*; and that all he had said was in friendship, with intent to heal the breach, and make the best of what could not be recalled.—The accused interrupted him, with protestations of his innocence, and a recital of the affair, as indeed it had happened. Lord *Gravelton* heard him coolly, and then said, with a smile, “And so you were really *innocent*!—A likely business, truly, with a person of your years, and a soft female of her beauty. Come, come, confess *Charles*, confess.”—“What would your lordship have me confess? I have told you all things as they really happened, and I am above the meanness of falsehood.”—“Nay, Mr. *Searle*, that affected frown spoils all: you are angry: I have touched you then, it is plain, in a tender point. But away with this fooling. You lodge with Mr. *Wilding*; his wife is young and beautiful, you

“are amorous and engaging: she is
 “ever remarkably assiduous to please you;
 “you are ever loud in her praises:—op-
 “portunities offer, we surprize you in
 “each others arms; and yet you are *in-*
 “nocent. Can you think a man who is
 “acquainted with the world, and knows
 “your character and disposition, is thus
 “to be imposed upon?” Blameless as he
 was, our Hero could not but own that
 appearances were strong against him; and
 his noble friend, thinking he had urged
 enough for the present, changed the dis-
 course.

When *Charles* was about to withdraw
 in the evening, his lordship told him, that
 he must insist on his spending a few days
 at his seat, till this unhappy affair should
 be made up; for which purpose he re-
 peatedly offered his mediation. These
 proposals were accepted, and they had
 remained about a week together, when
 one day the earl came home seemingly
 much perplexed and discomposed; and
 on his guest's enquiring the cause, after
 some meditated refusals, which drew on
 repeated solicitations, he thus replied,
 “Indeed, my dear *Searle*, I am troubled
 “on

“ on a double account both on yours and
 “ my own.—I have repeatedly strove all
 “ in my power to reconcile *Wilding* with
 “ you, and though his chief dependance
 “ is on me, I could not prevail. He is
 “ resolved in the end, in short, to pub-
 “ lish your shame; and all I have been
 “ able to gain is a little time”——“ What
 “ shame (interrupted the youth hastily)
 “ conscious as I am of my own innocence,
 “ I condemn his threats.” “ Hold—
 “ (said the Earl) you are young and rash;
 “ grant you are innocent, will the world
 “ believe so? You own appearances are
 “ against you, and, believe me, it is by
 “ them mankind will judge, not by your
 “ protestations.”——“ What shall I do
 “ then? What would your lordship ad-
 “ vise me to?”——“ I’ll tell you, Sir:
 “ desperate diseases, my dear friend, re-
 “ quire remedies as desperate.—Ever
 “ since your departure, Mrs. *Wilding* has
 “ suffered a confinement, the disagree-
 “ ableness of which has been heightened
 “ by her husband’s reproaches and savage
 “ behaviour. The world, if thus they
 “ go on, will not long be without sus-
 “ picion of the event; even though *Wild-*
B 6
“ ing

“ing should not tell it them. The least
“shadow of such a surmise will ruin your
“affairs with Miss *Copsley*, as you must
“well know.—But there is yet one way
“left. It is this:—near *N——y*, lives a
“gentleman of the name of *Skirley*; he is
“a cousin of mine, but a most unnatural
“relation, and has carried his hatred so
“far as even to seek my life. His daughter,
“who is a fine girl, I had some
“thoughts of matching with my son, at
“once to reconcile our jarring interests,
“and keep in the family a great estate.
“The youth they insulted and treated
“with the utmost contempt, and are, I
“find now, resolved to marry the lady to
“my mortal enemy, who, should he succeed
“to such a fortune, will ruin my interest
“in the country, attempt to get
“my son excluded, on pretence of undue
“election, from the *H——e* of which he
“is a member, deprive our family of the
“estate which must otherwise revert to
“us, and even contest a part of what I
“now enjoy. His accession to this wealth
“will besides ruin *Wilding*, whose dependence
“is entirely on my son’s interest; and he has given me to under-
“stand

“stand that he will sacrifice any thing to
“the prevention of this match.”—“And
“how, my lord, can this relate to me?
“ (said *Charles* eagerly.) “Have patience,
“Sir, and I’ll tell you, (resumed the peer.)
“If you will be ruled by me I will put it
“in your power to break off this mar-
“riage, and forward your own with Miss
“*Copsley*. You shall be equipped nobly,
“and may easily win the young lady’s af-
“fections; when you have done this, if
“you can overcome her virtue, she will
“then, together with her haughty pa-
“rents, be at our mercy.—My peace
“will be restored, *Wilding* will be satis-
“fied, and Miss *Copsley* and her fortune
“yours. Urge not that this is not *ho-*
“*nourable*, but consider the necessity to
“which we are both reduced.—If you
“comply, you may command me in any
“thing; if not, I shall be obliged to
“abandon one who flights my friendly
“counsel.”

Though Mr. *Searle* was shocked at
this scheme of ruining innocence, yet
considering how much he was in the
power of the proposer, he answered, “he
would

14 *The WANDERER.*

would consider the affair, and talk farther of it with his lordship as soon as he could be assured his own affairs were not already ruined with Miss *Copsley*." This the other allowed to be but reasonable, and the subject was dropped till a fitter opportunity.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

*Event of the Earl's scheme.—A rencounter.
—Charles confined.—His return to London.—Behaviour of his old companions.
—Meets with Rattle.—Story of Mrs. Clinton.*

IT was not possible to temporize with a man of the Earl's knowledge in life, unnoticed. The studied delays of *Charles* soon begot suspicions in the breast of his patron; who being resolved either to make that young gentleman subservient to his ends, or ruin him, caused him to be closely watched.

The first step he took, was to renew his visits to Mr. *Copsley* and his sister, where he found himself as well received as ever, and could not see any symptom of their having come to the knowledge of what he wished to conceal.—This done, *Charles* began to consider in what way he had best proceed; having from time to time put off the execution of a design he durst not express his disapprobation of. At last, he resolved to send a letter to Miss *Shirley*, acquainting her with the
part

part he was obliged to act, and leaving it to her own discretion to prevent its ill consequences, without publishing the means by which she discovered it.

This letter he delivered, one day, into the hands of a servant of Mrs. *Wilding*, whom having always treated as a favourite, he thought he might depend on; and the more so, as he was ignorant of the treachery of his mistress, who was represented by that very person, as suffering the most rigorous treatment on his account.

Our Adventurer now no longer sought to excuse himself to the nobleman, who, however, seemed to grow cooler in the affair, in proportion as the other appeared more inclined to engage in it. While things were in this situation, he was not a little surprized to receive a note by a servant, intimating that a gentleman from *London* would be glad to see him, on particular business, at a house about half a mile from the town, not caring to appear in *R—*. Though this was an odd message, he resolved to go, and was not a little surprized, on his arrival, to see no such person there, whom having enquired

enquired for of the people to no purpose, just as he was going away, a livery servant stopped him, saying, "Sir, my master waits for you in the garden, as being a more private place." *Charles* made no answer, but followed the messenger down a long walk, at the end of which he perceived a young gentleman waiting; who, on his coming up, after dismissing the servant, demanded whether he knew the Earl of *Gravelton*. To which answering in the affirmative, "Then, (said the stranger,) you know the vilest minion that ever disgraced a coronet, or stained the order which he wears.—If you do not chuse to resent this character of your patron; know farther that I esteem you, and all his creatures, as bad, and am heartily glad to punish vice in the person of one of them. Draw, Sir; and meet, if you dare, the avenger of Miss *Shirley*."

In vain did *Charles* strive to justify himself in that affair to the lover, who would hear nothing, but drawing, in a transport of rage, had well nigh run him through the body, before he
could

could put himself on his defence ; yet it was with the greatest unwillingness that he engaged him ; which the other perceiving, and that he only parried his thrusts without returning them, pressed so furiously and unguardedly on the sword of his adversary, that he buried it in his own body, and fell without uttering a word.

Astonishment seized the victor, who, instead of endeavouring to escape, stood like a statue by the body of his antagonist, till the people of the house seized him, and conveyed him before a justice, who committed him to prison. This was all the work of his friend the Earl. For the servant, mentioned above, had no sooner received his letter, than he gave it to Mrs. *Wilding*, who opening it, immediately consulted that nobleman what use they should make of it. They agreed to get the hand nicely counterfeited, and write in it a model of the Earl's own plot on Miss *Shirley*, signed with *Charles's* name, and addressed as to a friend of his, which paper the pretended Mr. *Copsley*, who was in reality a creature of the peer, sent as out of friendship to
Mr.

Mr. *Selby*, the lady's intended husband.— And it was that gentleman who, thus urged, sent for *Charles*, and acted in the manner above recited.

Mr. *Searle* was now obliged to change the social joys of life for a dungeon's gloom, the horrors of which nothing but his conscious innocence could at this time have enabled him to support. Reflexions, and those disagreeable enough, would, however, here intrude themselves upon him ; since, blameless as he was in the present affair, he could not but take shame to himself for having made so light of his love to *Harriet*, and his vow to *Charlotte Merton*.—Three days and nights he wasted in this comfortless situation, excluded, as it were, from life, from light, and from the sight of men. On the fourth he was, however, released, on the oath of Mr. *Selby's* surgeon ; that gentleman was so far from being dead, that having fainted only from a violent effusion of blood, he was out of danger. This surgeon, who was a very humane person, as soon as *Charles* had obtained his discharge, spoke to him to the following effect. “ Sir, I congratulate you
“ on having obtained your liberty, and
must

“ must own I am shocked at the partiality almost every one in this town entertains against you.—In effect, you have powerful enemies; and, if I may be permitted to advise, I would have you quit the place as soon as possible, for the Earl, who seems to entertain great anger against you, is one of the most dreadful men in his resentments in the world.” —“ Good God! the Earl! said Charles—Alas! to him I owe all this! And can he” —“ Oh, Sir, (said the other interrupting him,) he *can* do every thing *bad*: it is not the first time he has engaged a person in an affair, and afterwards prosecuted him with the utmost rigour for following his advice.—He is in *private* as well as *public* life the worst of men. Avoid him, for Heaven’s sake, if you love your character, your liberty, or even your life.”

Charles was now sufficiently tutored; he thanked the good gentleman for his advice, and resolved to follow it with all expedition.—Accordingly he set out for *London*, heartily sick of his journey, and ashamed to have been the dupe of so vile a set of people.

On

On his arrival in town, he resolved entirely to leave such company as had involved him in these misfortunes, and tread again the paths of strict virtue, his deviation from which had cost him so much pain.—His finances, however, were low, and he was obliged not only to avoid such company as he cared not for, but even such as, had his appearance been better, he would gladly have mixed with.

At this time he thought of employing his talents in a literary way, by which, though his productions were much undervalued, he procured a temporary subsistence tolerably genteel.

While he followed this profession, as he was straying one evening, rapt in contemplation, through the cloister walks of the *Park*, he was wakened from his reverie by some people, who were talking remarkably loud; whom, lifting up his eyes in order to see how he should avoid, he discovered to be his old companions the colonel, *Mr. Sommers*, *Mr. Palm*, and with them a stranger. They met him full on purpose; and taking off their hats with great ceremony, as soon as he returned the salute, laughed immoderately,
and

22 *The W A N D E R E R.*

and ran off, repeating some sarcastic verses. This mortified *Charles* extremely, who, had they staid, would probably have turned the comedy into a tragedy; but his own reflexions soon convinced him that he had no one but himself to blame for having at first associated with such people, who made his misfortunes their sport.

These disagreeable thoughts possessed his mind, when he met young Mr. *Soothly*, a man of tolerable natural abilities, but much affectation, whom he had become acquainted with at his bookseller's, and who was, in his own esteem, one of the best poets of the age. This gentleman, who assumed great freedom with our Adventurer, would not suffer him long to remain in his melancholy mood; and after having taken a turn or two, and a chearful glass to enliven conversation, proposed, as a great favour, to shew Mr. *Searle* the lady of his affections, as he termed her.

The proposal was agreed to by *Charles*, who could not easily at that time have worse company than his own thoughts.—*Soothly* entertained him all the way with encomiums

encomiums on the beauty and accomplishments of his mistress, whom he extolled as a Goddess. Such discourse employed the time, till they entered a little court; where, knocking at a door, over which was placed a bust of *Shakespeare*, they were admitted by an old woman, who ran up stairs to certify their arrival. After waiting some minutes, during which time there was a great bustle above, the young lady came down, and desired them in a childish tone to walk into the parlour; so she termed a small triangular room, furnished with an antique table supported by carved work; a marble slab standing on the many heads and enormous volumes of a gilded hydra; a small buffet, or rather corner-cupboard, &c. stored with china monsters; a settee in manner of an Eastern sofa; a book-case filled with gilded romances, and ornamented at top with the busts of eminent writers; many of which were maimed and headless; while the festoon window-curtains, though of the coarser sort, and much the worse for wear, were bound with knots and flowers of rose coloured ribbands, supported at each side by Cupids imaged in *papier machée*. But what crowned the whole, was a chimney-

24 *The* W A N D E R E R.

ney-piece carved in flowers, over which, wrought by her own hands, appeared the story of *Andromeda* delivered from the sea-monster, in which Mr. Soothly was represented in the character of *Perseus*, and herself in that of the *Æthiopian* Princess. In short, so crowded was this small, but theatric mansion, with these studied ornaments, that one could hardly move without one or other of them intruding on the sight.

The mistress of this enchanted castle, was no less extraordinary; she was a plump, fair, female, naturally good tempered, agreeable enough, but so possessed with affectation, that she rendered her company sometimes almost intolerable to all but her lover; who boasted, that, *Pygmalion*-like, he had formed her for himself. Though tall, and of the larger size, yet she affected the most childish airs, and ridiculous softness in her manners and dress. On her head rose a small wreath of artificial flowers, which mixing insensibly with her hair behind, flowed in ringlets like the tresses of a queen in tragedy, negligently over her shoulders. A loose gown of white
fatin,

fattin, ornamented with a profusion of purple ribbands, enclosed her rising bosom; of which a small cross of glittering stones, red and white, interchangeably mixed, were the only covering.

She received the salute of *Charles* with an affected air, but that of her lover with a kind of melting softness, and she engaged them to stay supper, which was served up in a truly romantic and poetical taste. —After the repast was over, the discourse was turned by Mr. *Soothly* on the ornaments of the room, which he declared were nothing, compared to those of her bed-chamber; a remark which occasioned *Charles* to smile, and raised a blush on the cheeks of the nymph, whilst the poet expatiated on the beauties of the drawing, the subject of which, after having alternately interrupted and begged pardon of each other a dozen times, they gave Mr. *Searle* to understand, was occasioned by Mr. *Soothly's* delivering Miss from a mastiff, whom, after a sharp encounter, he laid flat at his feet; from whence

with life he never more sprang up.

“ On this, said the young lady, I repeated the following lines:

VOL. II.

C

“ So

- “ So struck with terror stood the trem-
 “ bling Fair,
 “ When rolling through the deep, she
 “ saw the monster near :
 “ Short and more short her parting breath
 “ she drew,
 “ While from her cheeks the fading co-
 “ lour flew.”
 “ To which, cried Mr. *Soothly*, (I shall
 “ never forget it,) I as readily replied :
 “ But the brave youth shot swiftly to }
 “ her aid,
 “ Her *Perseus*, who with joy the foe sur- }
 “ vey’d,
 “ Victorious *sav’d*, and won the shining }
 “ maid.”

In pronouncing these words with great
 vehemence, he flew to catch her in his
 arms, when she affecting modestly to
 evade his embrace, fell precipitately with
 her back against the door of a closet,
 which, giving way, flew open and disco-
 vered—not the elysium of happy lovers,
 not the prospect of delightful groves and
 gardens of pleasure, but “ jealousy, the
 injured lover’s hell ;”—in short, it disco-
 vered a man reclined upon a couch.

At

At this so unexpected sight, the enraged poet cried out, "Ha! by Hell 'tis so!—Rise then, black Vengeance, from thy gloomy cell," and drawing his sword, was advancing to attack the stranger with great fury, who, admonished by his exclamation, had risen, and put himself on his guard. But here our Adventurer interposed, and indeed it was high time, for the lady had already fainted, to the care of whom, *Soothly*, thus prevented in his vengeance, applied himself, and soon recovered her, while in the person of the stranger, *Charles* recognized his old friend *Rattle*. "Good God, Mr. *Searle*!" cried that gentleman "in amaze." "Yes, Sir, returned *Charles*; I yet survive the barbarity of my friends, and the scorn of my companions."—Now, Heaven forbid, replied the other, that *I* should scorn you;—I believe you have been unfortunate, and heartily do I pity you:—I shall soon, I fear, be an object of compassion myself. It will not be long 'ere I follow your old friend *Belville*."

But here they were interrupted by *Soothly's* clamours, who insisted to be informed how *Mr. Rattle* came to be hid in the closet;—he referred the story to the lady herself, who having a little recollected her spirits, informed him, that gentleman only came there to see a cousin of hers that lived with her, who not being at home, he had spent some time in conversation with her; but hearing *Mr. Soothly's* voice, and knowing him to be rather of a jealous disposition, “she had prevailed (she said) with *Mr. Rattle*, to slip down the *back-stairs* into the closet where they found him.” Just then, the person in question coming in, her knowledge of the accused served to clear up the affair, and a peace was concluded by the mediation of *Charles*, who, together with his new friend, excused themselves on account of business, and left the lovers to settle the affair in private.

As they walked together, our Hero seeming curious to know what was become of *Belville*, his friend satisfied him, by informing him how that gentleman, having lost his law-suit, and spent his fortune all to the last hundred, had employed

ployed that in fitting himself out, as was supposed, for a foreign country, as he took a post-chaise for *Dover*, and had never been heard of afterwards. The society, continued he, subsists still, and you are often the subject of their conversation. For myself, I have been separated from them a long time, and heartily wish I had never joined them.

Mr. *Searle* then desired to know what had happened to him since they parted, on which he resumed his discourse thus—

“ I was not a little surprized at the precipitate retreat of my friend. I own it put some disagreeable reflexions into my head. But my rigid uncle’s ill usage, and ungenerous restraint, while I was under his care, being yet fresh in my memory, prevented my seeking from him either advice or assistance; and I chose rather to run with open eyes on inevitable ruin, than be again subject to the perpetual upbraidings of so *louring a virtue*, to call it by no worse a name: other relations I had none in town, I therefore committed myself to the stream, and laid aside all thoughts of reformation.

“ At this time our common friend,
“ (as we deemed him,) the Colonel, in-
“ troduced me to one Mrs. *Clinton*, a
“ lady you have often heard him men-
“ tion. She was the daughter of an
“ eminent counsellor, contrary to whose
“ consent she married a young sur-
“ geon, without birth, fortune, or any
“ accomplishments. But the good gen-
“ tleman relenting after they were join-
“ ed, imprudently paid him the best
“ part of her fortune within two months
“ after their nuptials, with which he soon
“ after went off. When she, thus dis-
“ tressed and forsaken, had, by applying
“ to her father, been received into his
“ protection, he at his death dividing his
“ fortune between her and his son; the
“ breath was hardly out of his body,
“ when her husband returned and de-
“ manded her share of it.—But the ce-
“ lebrated Sir *Roger Brooks*, so well
“ known in *London*, being a distant re-
“ lation, interposed so strongly in her
“ behalf, that the wretch was glad to
“ compound for what he had already
“ got, and a life annuity of eighty
“ pounds per annum.

“ Mean-

“ Meanwhile, (if Fame says true,) Mrs.
 “ *Clinton* was not ungrateful to the
 “ knight, who was by all the ladies
 “ esteemed a most accomplished gentle-
 “ man. Many a court-lady’s heart has he
 “ captivated at the opera; many a *fair*
 “ *married dame*, at a city-feast, eying him
 “ with secret satisfaction, has turned with
 “ contempt towards her spouse, and sigh-
 “ ed at the comparison. But to return
 “ to my story—

“ I always thought Mrs. *Clinton* re-
 “ ceived me with something beyond
 “ complaisance, and modelled my be-
 “ haviour accordingly, well understand-
 “ ing what was generally thought of her
 “ connexions with Sir *Roger*, and fearing
 “ to give him cause for jealousy. But
 “ all my caution on this head proved of
 “ little use;—having once or twice seen
 “ me there, it seems he took offence, and
 “ resolved to do me every prejudice in
 “ his power.

“ Soon after a person entered his
 “ compting-house, in the room of one
 “ who had quitted it for a fortune lately
 “ left him. To this young man I had

“ formerly lent a considerable sum on his
“ note of hand, and often applying to
“ him, when I really wanted it, had been
“ put off from time to time. One day,
“ when I repeated my solicitations on
“ this head.—The money, said he, shall
“ be ready if you will bring the note with
“ you to-morrow morning. Though I
“ imagined this was only a shift to put
“ me off from day to day, I brought it:
“ he desired I would give it him, and I did
“ so; he retired with it, and presently after
“ returned, accompanied by the Knight,
“ who gravely asked what demands I had
“ on his clerk? Astonished, I replied by
“ naming the sum, which I said was specified
“ in the note I had delivered.—
“ The youth pretended to wonder at my
“ assurance, had the effrontery to deny
“ I had just given him such a note, and
“ insisted, that the paper I mentioned
“ was cancelled a month since, at which
“ time (he asserted) he had paid me, and
“ desired me to produce any evidence of the
“ debt, which, indeed, I could not easily
“ have done. Sir *Roger* having heard us
“ both, *sans ceremonie*, desired me to walk
“ out, declaring he would stand by his
“ clerk against me as far as ten thousand
“ pounds

“pounds would go. This argument, to
“one in my circumstances, was unanswer-
“able; I chose rather to abide by my loss
“than proceed after such a declaration,
“and retired, cursing my easy faith.

“From that time I have been de-
“clining in the world; *Newman* had re-
“commended this man to me for his ho-
“nesty. To him I complained. In re-
“turn he abused and insulted me.—I
“caned him: he proved, what I always
“thought him, a coward. The colonel
“took up the cause; we fought, and
“were parted, and from that time I have
“left the society.”

Just as Mr. *Rattle* had finished this re-
cital, they came to his chambers, where he
invited Mr. *Searle* to enter; who, after an
hour or two spent in conversation, left
him to his repose, where we will also
leave him and his affairs, and in the next
chapter return to those of Miss *Arran*.

C H A P. III.

The History returns to Miss Arran.—Behaviour of Sir L—— R——. Escape from him.—A storm.—Unexpected relief. Conduct of Mr. Ellifon. — Journey to London converted to one into the country.

AT the time Mr. *Arran* had appointed for the nuptials of his daughter, finding her still unwilling to comply, he, by the advice of Mrs. *Artly*, being engaged on his own affairs in another part of the country, left Sir *L—— R——*, whom he had brought with him, entirely master of the house and of his daughter.

The baronet, who saw her aversion to him, took a particular pleasure in perpetually intruding himself, at all times, on her company: he would follow her even into her chamber, and, having no one to controul him, would besides take many very improper liberties with her, as looking upon himself, (he said) already in the light of a husband.

Perplexed,

Perplexed, affrighted, distressed to the utmost; there was nothing *Harriet* would not have done to escape him. At last an opportunity offered. There was a young girl in the neighbourhood, who, though possessed of a good heart, and no mean accomplishments, had made, what is called a false step in the world. This person Mrs. *Artly* had, on that very account, chosen as a waiting-maid for her fair prisoner. Miss *Arran*, from the moment she had seen her, conceived a secret liking to her, and finding she might trust her, would often unbosom herself to her in private. The girl, whose name was *Maria*, was faithful, and heartily mourned the hard fate of her mistress.

It happened that the housekeeper, not supposing one whose circumstances made her entirely dependent on her favour, would be false to her interests, placed so great a confidence in *Maria*, as put it in her power to favour *Harriet's* escape, if that Lady should be inclined to hazard it; on whose part this resolution was the sooner taken, as Sir *L—— R——* said, that he had received a letter from her father, in which he declared he should be in town within two days, and would, by

C 6

force,

36 *The W A N D E R E R.*

force, drag her to the altar, and marry her to the husband of his choice, whose triumph on it was insupportable, and who was so far from keeping within the bounds of decency with Miss *Arran*, that she even trembled for her honour.

Thus urged to the last extremity, there remained no other way for this unhappy beauty, than to submit to this worst of men in every thing, or throw herself, helpless and destitute, upon the wide world :— soft, delicate, and tender, as she was, she resolved upon the latter. *Maria* having the keys of her chamber every night, and the back door, which led to the garden, being secured only by a bolt, she could easily let her mistress out ; the remaining part was to be performed by a ladder, which was, with some difficulty, removed to a wall adjoining a meadow ground, through which it was easy to pass unnoticed. The remaining objection now was, whither they were to bend their course, and in what disguise *Harriet* could pass unnoticed. But this, too, was obviated by her attendant.

“ There lives, (said she,) about a
 “ mile distant, on the verge of a thick
 “ wood,

“ wood, an elderly woman, my cousin :
“ she has seen better days, and tasted the
“ sweets of a more plentiful life; but re-
“ duced by misfortunes in the world,
“ and tossed on the sea of a troubled life,
“ she has chosen that retreat with the
“ poor remnants of her shattered fortune.
“ Her dwelling is an humble cottage ;—
“ content to her supplies the place of
“ riches, and it is her glory that, though
“ not *wealthy*, she is yet *independent*.
“ Here she leads a pious and a placid life,
“ in calm serenity, nor regrets the want
“ of those things she has learned not to
“ desire.

“ She is a friend to virtue, and will
“ assist and supply you with any thing in
“ her power, necessary for your escape.—
“ Be comforted, madam, and be resolute,
“ and rely on the conduct of one who
“ longs, equally with yourself, to be de-
“ livered from this hated mansion.”

Miss *Arran* accorded to this; and
Maria went to visit the old gentlewoman,
who, transported with such an occasion
of helping virtue in distress, promised to
provide two boys habits, and other neces-
saries, and receive her at the time ap-
pointed,

38 *The W A N D E R E R.*

pointed, which was within two days after it was first proposed. The maid, declaring herself a partner of *Harriet's* flight, was charged with the few necessaries they could take conveniently with them.

All things thus settled, about two hours after midnight, they put their design in execution, and the ladder being affixed to the garden wall, *Harriet*, with a trembling pace and faltering knees, descended, and recommending herself to the care of Heaven, being joined by *Maria*, set out with all speed for the cottage, where they arrived some time before day-break.

They found the good gentlewoman preparing for their reception. The dresses were ready, and fitted exactly. So that, after resting herself, it was with difficulty *Miss Arran* was prevailed on to stay so long as to take a dish of coffee, before she renewed her journey.

Maria advised to go to the next town, and take a post-chaise immediately for *London*; but her mistress's fears prevented her from determining in favour of that project, since, notwithstanding her disguise, she did not dare to expose herself to
the

the hazard of being known at any of the inns. It is true, she had on the apparel of a boy ; but the delicate turn of her features, her fair complexion, and the soft stellar lustre of her eyes, were such as seemed to speak the power of nature, and deny concealment.—She, therefore, resolved to hold on her way on foot, across the country, stopping only at such cottages or farm as might present itself, when weary, or in want of refreshment. Fear and aversion, which make the weak strong, for a while supported the tedious steps of the fair-one, whose chief care was for the companion of her journey ; a care which her compassionate and grateful temper suggested to her, in the midst of so much trouble and perplexity.

The sun had gained his full meridian height, when the wanderers arrived at a large farm-house, where so many people seemed assembled together, that Miss *Arran*, at first, hesitated whether or not she should enter ; but considering that they might walk many miles before another such opportunity might offer, and being pretty much fatigued already, she consented

sented to the advice of her confidante, and desired admission.

When they entered, all eyes were fixed on them ; and the farmer, who seemed a jolly man, about forty, began to ask many questions, which were answered by the maid, in a manner already concerted. After this, they were invited to take share of a rural repast he said he had prepared for a few friends, it being his son's birth-day, and to which he made them heartily welcome.—But when the travellers wanted to be gone, they found themselves detained by studied delays, which were the more disagreeable to Miss *Arran*, as being in the habit and character of the other sex, she was perpetually pressed to drink by the son of their host, who unfortunately seemed to have taken a liking to her conversation, being one whom his father, though himself a mere rustic, had given a tolerable education to, as willing, at least, to have *one gentleman in the family*.

Harriet, at last, grew so entirely out of patience, that she declared they must be gone, nor would even be prevailed on to wait the arrival of a guide, their entertainer

tainer had proposed to send with and conduct them through some intricate parts of the country. Resolved to make amends for the time lost, our wanderers resumed their journey with a brisk pace.—But they had not proceeded above two miles, before they were overtaken by a man, who seemed very eager to come up with them; and, on examination, appeared to be the guide sent from the farm-house after them.

The country here grew very woody, and full of perplexing paths, crossing each other, so that his services seemed necessary, and became very acceptable to people in their circumstances.—He conducted his charge with apparently great diligence, till, from the brow of a hill, which afforded a delightful prospect round the country, he pointed out a path he said they must follow; and then, being satisfied for his trouble, left them.

By this time the setting sun hovered on the horizon, and cast his last beams of radiance on the enamelled meadows; but his evening throne was attended with such clouds as to the mariner presage approaching tempests, while he guides, with double
caution,

caution, his richly freighted bark through seas unknown.

Fearless as innocent, our fair fugitive traced the path in which she had been directed, when the sky began to be overcast, and all the lowring presages of a storm succeeded to the smiling serenity which before had met the eyes of the weary wanderers, and almost rendered toil itself a pleasure.

Just at this time, the path they had been shewn lost itself in the mazy turnings of a wild heath, overgrown with furze, and they were utterly at a loss which way to proceed. Onward, however, they went, in hopes to meet with some house or shelter from the expected tempest, as well knowing, if they went back, they had many miles to trace through the most intricate windings.

Meanwhile the blackening clouds hung like a sable curtain veiling the firmament, and threatened for a while, till a violent gust of wind gave signal for the airy tumult; then began the terror of this tremendous scene. Hoarse distant thunder, rolling from afar, disturbed the
awful

awful silence ; advancing by degrees, at last it burst directly over head, as if the whole artillery of heaven were at once discharged.—One while the deep gloom quick disparting, discovered in the turbid æther above, that magazine of fire which must one day sweep away all the dwellings of men ; then closing again, the darkness reigned with double horror. The impetuous hail-stones, drove by a hurricane of wind, heightened the confusion, and the whole was enough to have daunted the most heroic soul.

Amidst the horror of this howling tempest, dreadful even to description, think you behold the sweetest, loveliest of females, abandoned, lost, the sport of winds and driving hail, attended only by one whose fears exceeded her own ; exposed to all the inclemency of the weather ; without relief, without shelter, without even the hope of either. What could sustain her in that dreadful hour ! What but conscious innocence, and that Heaven to whom she commended her blameless youth, and which looked down with an eye of pity on her sufferings !

Patience

Patience and meek resignation dwelt in in her bosom ; and she proceeded, with melancholy steps, through the confused uproar of the contending elements. The poor *Maria* followed, more dead than alive, and terrified beyond measure. Though the tempest appeared now rather to abate, and the violent wind lulled by degrees, yet the thunder, which had seemed for some time removed, breaking from a fresh cloud with a terrible roar, preceded by a flash of lightning, or rather a sheet of flame, the terror of it caused the already half-expiring *Maria* to sink lifeless on the ground. This misfortune totally disconcerted her mistress, who endeavoured, in vain, to raise and succour her faithful attendant. Tears flowed from her eyes, to see the helpless condition of one who had hazarded so much for her ; and she, unable to proceed, reclined herself by her on the cold ground, expecting no other than to expire by her side.

Harriet at this instant perceived, through the dissipating gloom, a coach advancing, with several horsemen. They made directly towards the place, and she attempt-
ed

ed to make them sensible of her distress, which was no sooner perceived, than a gentleman alighted from the carriage, and raised her from the ground; while his servants did the same good office for her confidante, whom, thus unexpectedly relieved, with some difficulty they recovered.

When *Harriet* enquired her road to *London*, her deliverer said, that himself was going that way; and added, that he should be glad to accommodate so pretty a young gentleman with a place in his coach, to which *Maria* was also admitted, and the offer was too well timed to be refused. They proceeded with great pleasure on the journey, taking refreshment at the first town they came to. What rendered this happy turn yet more pleasing, was, that the gentleman seemed, out of a point of honour, to forbear asking any questions, and even once or twice to hint as if he took *Harriet* for a lover of *Maria*, who was a pretty girl, and of a fine complexion.

On their arrival at his seat near *London*, he insisted on Miss *Arran*'s spending a day or two there, before she proceeded on her

46 *The W A N D E R E R.*

her journey. Though this was a favour she would gladly have been excused, yet it was such a one as she could not refuse to yield her benefactor; therefore not doubting but that she was sufficiently safe in her disguise, she consented, and her attendant shared the invitation.

They had not, however, been long entertained there, before the gentleman (whose name was *Ellison*, and who was the same that sent *Charles* the news of her confinement,) took an opportunity, when alone with her, to speak to her to the following effect :

“ I am extremely thankful to Heaven
 “ that by my means you are delivered from
 “ the inclemency of the weather, and the
 “ many dangers that must, in such a
 “ situation, threaten one of your sex.
 “ Nay, start not. Could you think
 “ that this disguise could possibly hide
 “ from me the glowing beauties of the
 “ charming Miss *Arran*. How blind
 “ must he have been, who could have
 “ seen those eyes, that damask cheek,
 “ those lips, that symmetry of shape,
 “ and have mistaken you for one of our
 “ sex.—

sex.—And how much more blind must I have been, that have often been blest with your sight, had I not known you.—But be not alarmed. Here you are safe, nay safer than perhaps at *London*. And so long as you chuse to honour this dwelling with your presence, the mansion and its master are at your command.”—It was some time before *Harriet* could recollect her scattered spirits, so as to be able to return an answer to this unexpected speech; and when she did, it was in such terms as plainly shewed her uneasiness at being discovered, and her desire of setting forward, as soon as possible, for *London*. Though she was not under any immediate fears of suffering any injury from that gentleman, who bore the best of characters, yet she had a kind of presaging something, that seemed to intimate, if she staid there, it would be to her prejudice.—*Ellison* seemed somewhat disconcerted at her reply; but recovering himself, told her, that whenever she chose to go, his equipage and servants were at her command; yet with all this, he was extremely anxious to detain her.—However, as she grew uneasy, the time for her departure

ture was at last fixed, which was, by her own desire, at night, for secrecy; when having changed her cloaths for such as suited her sex, he conducted her to the coach, insisting on accompanying her himself to town, for fear of any accident. By the way, he affected to enter deeply into discourse about the unhappy cause of her flight, which when she related, he seemed highly to blame the conduct of her father, and to pity the situation of *Charles*, adding, with a sigh, that he could easily guess it by his own heart. *Maria's* praises were not forgotten, which in the presence of Miss *Arran* he seemed to delight in expatiating on, and said she might be proposed to succeeding ages for a pattern of constancy and fidelity.

Meanwhile the coach, which had moved forward very fast, stopped before day at an inn, where he said he purposed only to procure a little warm wine, and alighted to order it, leaving the ladies.—In a few minutes he returned, seemingly much embarrassed, and ordered the coachman, in a great hurry, to drive a little out of the *London* road, at which, when *Harriet* expressed her surprize, he told her, that
he

he had seen Sir L—— R——'s steward at the inn, who seemed very busy enquiring about her, and describing her as in a boy's dress.—The fright this put the young lady into, hindered her from any farther enquiries concerning the road he intended to take; and they proceeded till about seven in the morning, when they stopped at the gate of a large house.

C H A P. IV.

*Extraordinary behaviour of Mr. Ellison.—
His love;—his promise, and breach of
his word.—Leaves his seat.—Harriet
again confined.*

WHEN Mr. Ellison handed Harriet out of the coach, she could not help asking how far it was from thence to *London*? to which he only answered, “Not a great way,” and turned the discourse, till finding himself alone with her, he resumed the subject: “I know not, madam, (said he,) how I shall obtain your pardon for the innocent deceit I have put upon you, in bringing you to this place, forty miles from *London*, the seat of an uncle of mine, who is in town, instead of conducting you where you desired; but my regard for your helpless situation, the dangers you are exposed to, and the pursuit of Sir *L—— R——*, who has sent after you on the *London* road; all plead my excuse.”—“What then, (interrupted the lady,) do you not, at last, propose to conduct me thither: oh, Heavens!”—“Wherefore that exclamation, madam?”—“—What

“—What would you do at *London*?
“Have *you* any friend there to receive you; or can *I* have any other interest than your good, in preventing you from going there?——“I would go, Sir, (said she eagerly) to the farthest verge of the earth to avoid the detested. . . “Sir *L—— R——*, would you not, madam,” returned he. “You cannot think worse of him than I do, or than he deserves; but what reasonable objection can you have to staying here, and favouring me with your presence, till this pursuit shall be over.”
“I am sorry, Sir, I am obliged to repeat to you, what doubtless you must know. Already have I transgressed the rules of decorum, perhaps too far; but shall I yet go farther? I am sensible of the favour you offer; but what will the world say, should I remain with you? May they not think that Miss *Arran* left Sir *L—— R——* only to.
“Go off with me:—mean you not so, madam? Indeed you mistake. Besides, I have a female cousin, whom I expect here this very evening: she will think herself honoured in entertaining you. Stay, at least, till you

“ see her. For the rest, I hope you have
 “ too high an opinion of both our cha-
 “ racters, to think either of them can
 “ suffer.—Good God! that Miss *Arran*
 “ should so far doubt my honour, after
 “ what she has seen of my behaviour!”

Though all this was far from satisfy-
 ing her, yet from mere gratitude to her
 benefactor, who she saw took a pleasure
 in her company, she consented, to stay a
 day or two, on condition of being attended
 only by her own maid. Meanwhile the
 cousin Mr. *Ellison* mentioned, arrived, and
 behaved towards her guest with the great-
 est complaisance. *Maria*, however, seem-
 ed much disgusted with their situation,
 and often communicated her opinions on
 that head to her mistress. But this lasted
 not long; for one day (after having been
 the night before more vehement than
 usual in expressing her wishes for a depart-
 ure from a house, where, to outward ap-
 pearance, there was yet but little danger
 to be apprehended) she was seen to go
 out with a small bundle, and never re-
 turned again.

This incident gave Miss *Arran* great
 uneasiness.—She even went so far as to
 expostulate

expostulate with Mr. *Ellison* on the subject; plainly intimating, that she supposed there must be some scheme in removing her servant, and repeating her desires to be gone. He replied with the most solemn protestations of his ignorance of the affair, and seemed to be very angry that any thing about his house should have disgusted *Maria*; for to such a disgust he imputed her precipitate retreat. But still he artfully evaded giving any answer on the subject of suffering her to quit the house.

On the other hand, that lady knew not what interpretation to put on this kind of behaviour. It was indeed strange;—but then the universal good character of Mr. *Ellison*, his readiness in acquiescing in every thing else; together with his respectful behaviour, and the presence of a female relation, seemed to leave no room for unworthy suspicions. The more *Harriet* revolved his conduct in her mind, the more was she at a loss to account for it. However, she determined to put his honour to the proof, by a peremptory demand of liberty to quit his house, and proceed on a journey, in which he had

conducted her already so far out of the way.

To her wish, *Ellison* entered just as she had formed that resolution ; on her communicating of which in a decisive tone, he changed colour two or three times, and, at last, thus answered : “ Madam, “ I cannot but own I have seen—I cannot, I say, but confess, I have perceived ;—yes, it is but too visible, how much uneasiness my company gives you ; yet, if that be all, I can remove this hateful object from your sight, and leave you mistress here, so you will but consent to stay till all things can be better settled. I have written, so has my cousin, to a lady of her acquaintance in *London* ; she will receive you with open arms. For God’s sake, Miss *Arran*, do but wait the answer : “ What is it here disgusts you ? ” — “ Your dissingenuousness, Sir — I am sorry I must say so ; else why this deceitful journey ? why these studied delays ? why is my servant removed ? and why, alas ! am I detained here, as it were, till I recompense you for those favours you bestowed on me so much against

“ my

“my will? Yes, I must say, I am but
“a prisoner here. Alas! unhappy that
“I am—Oh! my deluded parent! to
“what have you reduced your child!”

Here she shed tears, and *Ellisen* approaching, said to her tenderly—“Believe me, Madam, on my soul, I melt in your griefs, I sympathize with you in your sorrows.—Would to Heaven I could heal them; they pierce me to the very heart.”—And yet, Mr. *Ellisen*, yet, Sir, you refuse—” “What have I refused, Madam? but to let you go, friendless and forlorn, into a city full of fraud and villainy; where every snare that can be devised, is spread for defenceless innocence; where ruined youth and beauty”—“Oh! spare, Sir, the recital: alas! I am that defenceless, that friendless orphan:—Did I say orphan? I have, I *had* a parent!—” “Dear lady, (said he,) calm a while these emotions—Consider yourself with me as with a friend and protector. Wait only these three ensuing days; if no answer then arrives, depend on my word, I will cause you to be conveyed, without further delay, wherever you

“ shall think fit—Though Heaven knows
“ what I shall suffer in parting with you
“ thus?” These last words he spoke as to
himself, but just loud enough to be over-
heard, and heaving a deep sigh, quitted
the room.

Miss *Arran*, though as yet she had
heard no positive declaration of love
from him, she had yet some reason to
fear he entertained a secret passion for
her; and these last words confirmed it.
The reader may easily guess, this was no
agreeable consideration, to one who had
already suffered by a similar one; and
that she was now absolutely at the mercy
of this man; and though he had hitherto
shewn nothing but the most respectful
tenderness, he had it at any time in his
power to throw off the mask (if it were
one) when he pleased:—and should he,
on the other hand, be a person of honour;
yet every thing is to be dreaded from the
desperate efforts of a passion, which does
not always leave a man even master of
himself; and in that case, how unhappy
is any virtuous fair one, in such a situa-
tion as that of *Harriet*.

In

In effect, he left her not long in doubt on this head; for one day, while they were sitting together with his cousin, (a caution she had latterly always observed,) that young lady making some excuse to go out of the room, *Harriet* also was about to retire, when, seizing her hand with an air of confusion, he cried eagerly—"Stay, Madam, stay I conjure you: nay you must hear how unhappy I am—For Heaven's sake hear me, though you refuse to pity"—"Sir.... (said the lady, greatly embarrassed, and striving to get loose her hand,) what mean you?—Why do you grasp me thus eagerly?—In what have I been the cause of your uneasiness?—I never—"—"Yes, Madam, returned he, you have indeed caused me much uneasiness: yet you are blameless of the pain I sustain, blameless in every thing; but that you seek to take away the only comfort for which I live; to remove your dear self from my presence—Nay, hear me out, and then pronounce the cruel sentence I read already in your eyes. I love you;—love you to distraction, yet not to alarm you,

D 5

" have

58 *The W A N D E R E R.*

“ have kept within the strictest bounds of
 “ moderation, till your cruel resolution
 “ has driven me to despair. In short, I
 “ die if you leave me. Oh, happy, happy
 “ Mr. *Searle* ! for whom so charming
 “ a creature quits her father’s house—
 “ Had I but one dear regard, what would
 “ I not do to merit it. Speak, Madam,
 “ and pronounce my doom—”

This was what the unhappy fair one
 had dreaded. How much unlike the de-
 claration of her beloved *Charles*, did this
 sound to her. Confused, and trembling,
 she replied: “ From me, in gratitude,
 “ Sir, you merit indeed my greatest ac-
 “ knowledgments, for your generous as-
 “ sistance ; but, I conjure you, let not
 “ the lustre of that action be stained by
 “ the selfish views of a passion, which,
 “ be it never so honourable, you are
 “ sensible I cannot return. Besides,
 “ should I be false to my *first* vows,
 “ what obligation can bind me to my
 “ *second*. Reflect, then, before it is too
 “ late, and involve me not in a storm
 “ worse than that from which you de-
 “ livered me.”

Elifson

Ellison, whose passions were wound to a high pitch, answered in words which often appeared rather the voice of Distraction than of Reason; and, to say truth, though he was not disagreeable in his person, yet had he a something in his manner, that converted what we generally term the tender passions, into a kind of savage transport.—This so affrighted the tender *Harriet*, that she fell at his feet, and besought him to let her retire. Recollected, he raised her, and in a more moderate tone repeated much the same as he had before been saying. To which she finally replied—"Sir, I cannot look, indeed, without fear, on this unhappy passion, circumstanced as I am. For the rest;—I owe you gratitude, nay, I will farther own myself obliged to you for that love it is not in my power to return. Pity you I do, sincerely; since if those violent transports I was just now a witness to, are real, you are indeed unhappy. But since my vows are passed, and my heart is engaged, my hand must necessarily follow. Nor can you, if you have the least share of delicacy, wish to ac-

D 6

"cept

“cept the one without the other. There-
 “fore, the only way to secure your hap-
 “piness, is to stifle this flame in its birth,
 “separate yourself from me, and strive
 “to forget one, whom all the laws of
 “honour and humanity will prevent
 “your ever possessing.”

And, so saying, she retired in haste to her chamber, where she locked herself up, and began to reflect on what was past. Convinced that, by his discourse, Mr. *Ellison* would never consent to her departure, at one time she determined to escape, at all events; but the difficulty, indeed impossibility of such a scheme, without the concurrence of the servants, suppressed the thought. At another, she resolved to depend on the apparent generosity of his temper, and sooth him, in his cooler moments, into a compliance.

Next day her lover appeared, and, with a melancholy countenance and dejected air, put into her hands a letter. “There,
 “Madam, (said he) see what a sacrifice I
 “am going to make of my peace to your
 “pleasure.—My cousin’s correspondent
 “there writes, that in a week’s time she
 “shall

“ shall be ready for your reception. Can
“ you consent to bless me till then with
“ your presence, to lengthen my life a few
“ short days—Then I will endeavour to
“ bid you farewell.”

Miss *Arran* read the letter eagerly, which appeared to be from a lady of fashion in *London*; and though she could have wished the term fixed had been shorter, yet glad to see Mr. *Ellison* altered in his disposition, and pleased to behold, as she thought, an end of sorrows, she seemed cheerfully to comply; and her enraptured lover snatching her hand, before she was aware, imprinted on it several eager kisses of joy; after which, having held a conversation wherein he displayed a great share of good sense, he retired after saluting her in the most respectful manner; a liberty *Harriet* did not think prudent, at that time, to refuse him.

But all this was no more than pouring oil upon the flame. It is a just observation, that love, even the purest, is not to be satisfied with trifling compliances, and that an encouragement in small things only makes it pant after greater. Whether this was the case here, or not, the reader

reader will best judge by consequences. Be that as it may, the ardours of Mr. *Ellison*, from this their ebb, increased gradually, as the time of the lady's intended departure approached ; till on the evening, which he said was the last in which he should see her, he began to play over again those transports that before had so affrighted her ; and, when they subsided, left her with a kind of gloom settled on his brow, from which she did not draw the most agreeable of presages.

The next morning, however, she sent to him, to demand the fulfilment of his promise ; but the servants answered, their master was gone to pass a few days with some of his friends, and had given strict orders she should not be permitted to stir out of the house during that time. —It is impossible to express the mingled passions of grief, resentment, and despair, which invaded the tender breast of *Harriet*, at this piece of news. A thousand times did she accuse herself for having ever submitted to receive favours from him. A thousand times did she wish she had even perished in the storm, rather than have been thus a slave to one, who was
himself

himself a slave to his passions. She enquired then for his cousin, but was told that lady was gone with him, and in her room, a house-keeper, lately taken in, conducted the family. The poor lady had suffered so much by a house-keeper already, that she had reason to be prejudiced against the very name; however, she consented to see this dependant of Mr. *Ellison*, in order to get from her what intelligence she could about her master.

This domestic was a handsome, jolly female, about three or four and thirty, genteely made, and well complexioned; but had such a wanton cast with her eye, as seemed to indicate she was not of a very cold constitution, or deaf to the voice of love. When she approached Miss *Arran*, she behaved in the most respectful manner; but as for the rest, she only repeated what the servants had said before, with the additional promise of doing every thing for the service of Miss *Harriet*, that was not inconsistent with her duty to her master. And with this that lady was obliged to be satisfied, plainly seeing she had nothing farther to hope + from that quarter.

C H A P. V.

Mr. Ellifon's return.—His abrupt declaration.—Its consequence.—His brutal behaviour.—Disconcerted by an accident.—Miss Arran in extreme distress.—Her resolution and departure.

ONCE more a prisoner, the unhappy *Harriet* passed the interval between *Ellifon's* departure, and his return, in a kind of dreadful suspense. At last, however, he appeared, but altered much in his manner. As soon as he entered the house, he enquired for the lady, who being told he was below, came down trembling to him. Before she had time to speak, he thus began :

“ I see, Madam, my presence is unwelcome ; I perceive, too, you are about to upbraid me with my breach of promise : but this is no time for expostulation.—I love you.—If you will yield to be mine, my fortune is at your disposal, nor need you care for the consent of your father. I have wealth sufficient to make us both happy ; and if all the cares and affiduities of love
“ can

“ can augment that felicity, you will re-
“ ceive them from me. But attend well
“ to what I am going to say.—I have
“ tried every method to win your affec-
“ tions.—Were you cold of constitution,
“ I would give over my pursuit, but you
“ *can*, it is plain you *can*, give your-
“ self up to the softer sensations ; witness
“ your love for a worthless rake, (inter-
“ rupt me not, Madam.) I repeat it, he
“ is unworthy ; yet for him you exposed
“ yourself to inconveniences that might
“ equally injure your person and charac-
“ ter. Since this is the case—I swear by
“ Heaven, you stir not from this house,
“ till I have warmed your breast to emo-
“ tions as tender for myself, till you have
“ shaken off this childish passion, which
“ is far from impossible. Urge not ho-
“ nour, and those other pretty tales your
“ sex so often throws in our way ; I
“ *know the world*, and am above such
“ romantic stuff. In love and war ad-
“ vantages, like mine, are to be taken.
“ It is now at your choice to become my
“ bride by consent ; or, here I repeat my
“ oath, if through your own obstinacy
“ you will not meet me at the altar, I
“ will (though it be against my nature)
“ snatch

“ snatch the bliss unsanctified, possess you
 “ by force, and then dismiss you to my
 “ happy rival.”

If the peal of thunder which rolled over her when *Ellison* relieved her in the storm, had now been repeated with triple violence, it could not more have terrified her than the concluding words of the speech he pronounced. Contending passions swelled within her soft bosom, such as seemed to threaten dissolution to the tender fabric. A while she stood silent, then as not regarding him: “ Just Heaven,
 “ and thou Father of the orphan, such in
 “ effect I am—protect, defend me!—un-
 “ happy that I am.—Oh! *Charles!* how
 “ little dost thou think, revelling per-
 “ haps in pleasures, what thy forsaken
 “ *Harriet* suffers.”—A shower of tears succeeded, and *Ellison*, willing to let her get the better of the first shock, withdrew.

Repeated solicitations on his side, still met with nothing but aversion repeated on hers: when one evening, wearied with waiting, he resolved either to win her consent, or to put in execution his brutal design of forcing her to his will.

Having

Having purposely removed all his domestics but the housekeeper, he sent for Miss *Arran*, who at first refused to see him; but dreading the effects of his rage, after repeated messages, at last complied. He talked to her in a more moderate tone than for some time past he had done; and she in consequence, fearing to offend him, answered in softer terms. Encouraged by this, he began to repeat his declaration of love, at times pressing her hand, leaning on her breast, and taking many such liberties, which, though reluctant, she was obliged to suffer, as dreading the violence of his temper, and seeing herself entirely alone with him, and in his power. He now prevailed on her to sup with him, which likewise she did not dare deny. After the repast was over, he introduced the subject of marriage, to which he received the same answer, in effect, as usual, though in milder terms. Having often urged it to no purpose, he at last got up in a furious manner, and locking the door put the key in his pocket, and advancing to the trembling fair one, “Now
“ (said he) you shall pay me for all your
“ affected coyness.—Remember you chose
“ this

“this yourself rather than be my bride. . . .
“Such is your virtue.” *Harriet*, with streaming eyes, and sighs that might have pierced the hardest heart, fell on her knees before him, intreating him to spare what she held dearer than her life, her honour. —But his passions were too violent to listen to her: her suppliant posture only availed to give him an advantage over her, which he failed not to improve, and rushing on the helpless beauty, he had soon overpowered her, and forced her, amidst her bitter lamentations; but that in the struggle, striking her head against a table in the room, she was in the instant covered with blood, fainting at the same time, though not so much from the blow she had received, as from his brutal violence. Alarmed to see her motionless and bleeding, and ignorant of the real cause, his passion suddenly subsiding, he rang the bell for his housekeeper, crying, “By Heavens I’m undone—I fear
“this perverse girl has, with some secret
“weapon, killed herself, rather than yield
“to my desires.”—The housekeeper, much terrified, began to give her assistance, and search the cause, which she found in some time; but persuaded her master, by all means to give over his design for
that

that night ; to which he consented, and left the lady to her care, who put her to bed almost insensible.

This accident, which saved the honour of *Harriet*, was a most vexatious one to *Ellison*, who, notwithstanding all his protestations, never had any honourable designs, and who, from the first, had laid the train for getting her into his power, which succeeded so well, as to appear absolutely the work of chance—He had all along known of her confinement, and naturally expecting what it would end in, was no sooner informed of her elopement, than, under pretence of friendship to Sir *L—— R——*, he pursued her by the way he thought her most likely to take, and happened to hit on the right. One of his domestics was present at the time she stopped at the farm-house, and having informed him, he was the person who provided her a guide, that executed his office so well, as to leave her totally at a loss which way to go. Meanwhile Mr. *Ellison* slowly followed at a distance, in his coach, and the storm happening *a-propos* to his designs, he approached and took her up, as we have before recited.

So

70 *The W A N D E R E R.*

So deep were the schemes of this wicked man laid, who, were it not for the extreme violence of love and anger, which sometimes hurried him beyond himself, might have been justly styled a complete hypocrite.

The day rose but to renew the afflictions of the unhappy mourner: with the early dawn she left her couch, and, like the newly imprisoned bird, with ceaseless wailings filled her chamber—The door was locked, the windows secured, and no probable method of escaping left. Thus circumstanced, she resolved rather to meet even death itself, than become the prey of loose desires, or forfeit her plighted faith. This was not a mere flight of madness, and romantic passion, as these things are but too often treated by the generality of mankind.—That awful, that tremendous moment, which separates the spirit from its earthly dwelling, she well knew terrible to nature, nor affected with stoic pride to be above the feelings of that humanity she shared in common with other mortals—Self-preservation well she understood Nature's first law, and life a blessing to
be

be valued, by the command of him who gave it; but when set in competition with virtue, she hesitated not to lose the former, rather than the latter. Yet was not *Harriet* one of those violent females, whose loud passions outstrip the winds! Grief oftener possessed her bosom than anger, and the tears of sorrow, oftener than of rage, bedewed her lovely cheeks. — Thus circumstanced, however, she refused all sustenance, nor could be prevailed on to take the least refreshment.

When *Ellison* heard this, he was much alarmed, nor knew which way to proceed. At last he bethought himself of an expedient:—he well knew *Harriet* had never been in *London*, he therefore resolved, on pretence of dismissing her safe to town, to place her in some lodging, where he might have the same opportunity of accomplishing his designs, as he could at his own seat. Accordingly, having caused another letter, like that we have mentioned above, to be prepared, he entered the room with it in his hand. At sight of him, the poor lady shrieked out violently; but he, in a moderate tone, which for the present dissipated her fears, thus

thus began—"I know well, Madam, what
 "I am to expect from you, reproaches and
 "bitter upbraidings for my last night's
 "crime, the crime of an excessive, though
 "perhaps too ardent love, driven to de-
 "spair by your scorn. In effect, I was
 "not myself;—I do not pretend to excuse
 "it; but I will endeavour, in some mea-
 "sure, to atone for my crime, though
 "my heart should break for it: your
 "shining virtue, your constancy, your
 "truth, and the situation to which you
 "are reduced, have at last determined
 "me to make this sacrifice of all I hold
 "dear.—Go, Madam, you are free.—
 "To-morrow morning my coach shall
 "convey you to *London*. My cousin's
 "friend, who in this (delivering a letter,)
 "accuses me of delay, will receive you;
 "or if you rather chuse *any other place*,
 "you shall be set down there.—All I ask
 "in return, is your forgiveness of my
 "treatment of you, your pity of my
 "unhappy passion."

Miss *Arran* having perused the letter,
 knew not how to credit this sudden
 change; but it was not a time to enrage
 the proposer with her suspicions: she
 thought,

thought besides, whatever his schemes might be, she would, by this, gain time, at least, and possibly meet in *London* with such assistance as here she could not expect; nor could she possibly be more in his power any where. After he had long attended her answer, in a respectful manner; she told him, if his repentance were sincere, she forgave, and prayed Heaven to forgive him; warning him, at the same time, not to trifle with that Heaven.— For her liberty she thanked him, but requested to be permitted to pursue her journey on foot. This he would, by no means, on various pretences, comply with. She then again enquired what was become of *Maria*? He answered, with the most solemn protestations, that he knew not, but supposed she was gone to town, being much disgusted with his family.

One great reason for Mr. *Ellison*'s thus releasing his fair prisoner was, that frequent enquiries having been made after her by her father, he dreaded a discovery, which might have produced consequences very disagreeable.

Before she set out, he had extorted a promise of her, to see at least the house of his cousin's friend, who had made preparations for her; a promise which she did not scruple to give, as believing it would be easily in her power to refuse staying there, since she was no longer accompanied by *Ellison*; and now setting forward, the coachman was commanded, in every thing, to obey her orders.

By easy stages Miss *Arran* arrived in *London*; and even began to think the repentance of her lover sincere; and the more so, when the coachman, stopping before the door of a handsome house, informed her that was Mrs. *Benson's*, and asked if he should knock there? No longer apprehensive of danger, she answered; "Yes." The door was immediately opened by a servant in livery; and on alighting she was received with great marks of respect by that elderly lady, and her daughter, a handsome, genteel girl, about sixteen.

These people, who lived in an elegant manner, were extremely assiduous in their services to her, and seemed well acquainted with every part of her story,
except

except what had passed between her and Mr. *Ellison*. — People of fashion visited there daily, and they seemed to take a great pleasure in introducing Miss *Arran* to their company.

Her fears, by degrees, wore off; and she had not the least doubt but she was in the protection of people of honour; though she often wondered at their good opinion of Mr. *Ellison*. — But even this objection was soon removed by her recollection how good a character, perhaps equally undeserved, he had formerly borne in the country.

At this time *Harriet* made all imaginable enquiries secretly after Mr. *Searle*, but his ill fortune allowed not that she should hear of him: he was reserved to many sorrows before he could arrive at the completion of his wishes; and his heart was destined to experience the pangs of grief, before it was allowed to revel in the fulness of joy.

C H A P. VI.

Harriet's arrival at her lodgings in London. — Ranelagh adventure: — A plot defeated. — History of Mrs. Benson. — Generous behaviour of Miss Constance.

MEANWHILE Mrs *Benson* and her daughter frequently persuaded *Harriet* to go with them to public places; yet they seldom trusted her any where out of their sight. For her own part, though she had no objection then to the family she was in, she could not like the thoughts of being obliged, and therefore intreated Mrs. *Benson* to enquire amongst the gentry she knew, if any lady were willing to receive her as a companion, or even waiting-woman; this the latter promised to do, though, she said, she should be extremely sorry to lose her.

Having been one evening at *Ranelagh*, with Mrs. *Benson* and her daughter, it being a benefit night, there was so much company, that it was a difficult matter (as they arrived late) even to procure a seat. The evening entertainment concluded, as is frequent, with fire-works, by
a fa-

a famous *Italian* artist. In the confusion of hurrying from the rotunda to the gardens, *Harriet* lost her company, nor was she able to rejoin them all the night.— Toward the conclusion, a young gentleman, richly dressed, who had, for a long time kept his eye on her, observing the separation, and her embarrassment on that account, though a total stranger, came up to her, in a very respectful manner, and offered to conduct her home in his chariot. This, at first, she declined, and was very unwilling to accept, till, by repeated intreaties; she was, at last, prevailed on.— Miss *Arran* soon perceived her conductor to be a man of extreme good sense, and the most elegant breeding; he appeared besides young and handsome, and might well have pretended to the affections of any lady whose heart was not already engaged.

When this gentleman asked her where she would be set down, on her replying at *Mrs. Benson's*, in * * * * *Street*, he seemed astonished, and echoing her words, “ At *Mrs. Benson's*, did you say, “ Madam ? ” “ Yes, Sir, (answered “ *Harriet*,) are you acquainted with that
E 3 “ lady ? ”

“ lady ? ” “ Yes, — I — I — have heard
 “ of her,” said he, a little confused—
 He added no more; but changed the
 discourse — When the coach stopped,
 having handed her out, Miss *Arran* in-
 viting him to walk in, he declined it for
 the present, only intreating her leave to
 wait on her again, which she readily
 granted.

It was very late before Mrs. and Miss
Benson came home : as soon as they
 entered the house, *Harriet* heard them
 loud in their enquiries concerning her.
 — They seemed extremely pleased to
 find her arrived before them, and were
 very inquisitive concerning the adventure
 we have already related above. — The
 next day, Miss engaged their guest to go
 with her to a country-house of her
 mother’s, which she said, was about four
 miles from *London*. — The unsuspecting
Harriet easily consented; but what was her
 surprize, when arriving there, the first
 person she beheld was Mr. *Ellison*’s
 housekeeper. She turned pale, and was
 much confused at the sight; but her
 companion, with great gaiety, asked if
 Mr. *Ellison* was within. On being an-
 swered

swered in the affirmative, Miss *Arran* begged to go back ; the other affecting a laugh, asked her if she was afraid of a gentleman, and taking her by the hand, introduced her into a parlour where he was sitting, crying, “ Here, Sir, I have “ brought you a lady, who, though she has “ so long known you, is afraid to spend “ an hour with you.—Lord bless me, I “ believe we must both be gone ; you are “ such a terrible gentleman ; — and yet I “ think there is no fear :—remember, my “ dear, here are two of us, we’ll teach “ him how to behave.” This pert speech was not at all agreeable to the lady, whom Mr. *Ellison* received with a kind of trembling respect, and all the day affected to turn his discourse rather to Miss *Benson*, than to her.—With this young lady he appeared to take many liberties, which, by her manner of forbidding, it was plain she wished him to repeat.

As it grew towards evening, weary of this scene, and still retaining a dread of the man who had formerly treated her so roughly, *Harriet* intimated her desire of returning, which she found delayed as

much as possible. On which, rising in great haste, she made towards the door, when Miss *Benson* interposed, insisting she should not go yet. “ Besides, said she, “ Mr. *Ellison* has something to say to you before you depart; an apology which”—“ Yes, Madam, said he, “ in a melancholy tone, I cannot suffer you to go from hence, till I have, before this lady, acknowledged your virtue, and my own unworthiness, and obtained from yourself, now at full liberty, a confirmation of that pardon I received from you while detained at my house.” He then began to run over many circumstances which had happened, often addressing himself to Miss *Benson*, who did not fail to urge every thing she could think of, in his excuse. In conclusion, he pressed *Harriet* to ratify, (as he termed it,) the pardon she had granted, while that young lady stood in silent astonishment, what all this should mean: she imagined, indeed, there must be some scheme on foot, but could not conceive, all things considered, how it could be managed: — however, having done all in her power to satisfy Mr. *Ellison’s* request, she again repeated her
own

own, in the strongest terms, to be gone. Miss *Benson* immediately withdrew, as she said, to order the coach to be got ready, and returned no more; by that means leaving *Harriet* alone with one whom she had so much reason to dread. Setting therefore all compliments aside, she was about to leave him abruptly, but he placed himself between her and the door, and setting his back against it, entertained her above half an hour, with a recital of the pains he said his unhappy passion had occasioned him.

A bell being rung, he immediately removed, and left her a free passage. "You may now go, Miss, said he; — but not out of this house to-night. At last I have caught you, my fair fugitive; nor will I part with you, till, in spite of yourself, you make me blest." So saying, he seized her, where she stood, in vain attempting to pass through the outward door, — and deaf to her prayers and tears, bore her by force up stairs, and locked the door of a room, which looking backwards, over fields and meadows; and the house being at a great

E 5 distance

distance from any other, he feared not to be interrupted in his design.

But just at that instant, a violent noise alarmed the ravisher; and the door being burst, the same gentleman who had escorted her from *Ranelagh*, entered to her assistance, with his sword drawn, whom *Ellison* seeing thus armed, quitted his prize, drew, and met him with many horrid imprecations. The combat was short and fierce, and ended in the defeat of the ravisher, who fell bleeding on the floor, having received the sword of his antagonist, to appearance, clear through his body. Meanwhile, the house was filled with people, notwithstanding all whose care, the housekeeper escaped.— Proper officers being sent for, the victor resigned to them his sword, having first taken care of the lady, who had fainted, and ordered his servants to carry her to his house, and recommend her to the care of his sister.

That gentleman's chariot conveyed her to an elegant building in *Albemarle-street*, where she was received courteously by that lady, who treated her with the most tender care;

care; and, having refreshed her exhausted spirits, left her to her repose.

But it is now time we should inform the reader who this person was that so generously assisted our Heroine.—If he is blessed with a tolerable memory, he may well recollect such a gentleman as Sir *James Constance*, formerly a friend to Mr. *Searle*. This was the gentleman who, seeing that young lady at *Ranelagh*, first in company with Mrs. *Benson*, and afterwards alone, conducted her home; and, having no very good opinion of the house in which she lodged, calling the next day, was surprized to hear she was gone; and suspecting some mischief, by all-powerful gold got the secret from a maid-servant, of their designs, and also of the lady's history, whom he no sooner found to be Miss *Harriet Arran*, of whose sufferings, virtue, and accomplishments, he had before heard so much, than he drove instantly to the place; and having knocked at the door, rushed in with his attendants the moment it was opened, and behaved as we have related *above*, while he left them to secure all *below*.

As for Mrs. *Benson*, whose appearance had deceived many; the reason that Sir *James* had no good opinion of her house, was, that he knew her history, with a short sketch of which we will present the reader.

This gentlewoman was originally the daughter of a colonel, who, falling into disgrace with the court, a little before he died, had nothing to leave this his executrix, for a dowry, but his blessing, and a tolerable education. As she was handsome, she little doubted but she should be able to make her way in the world.—At that time a relation of the Earl of *Gravelton*, who commanded a company, fell in love with her; and, as she had always a liking to the military, easily obtained her consent to a match, by which he could possess nothing but her person. As for him; though if commissions went by merit, he scarce deserved the rank of a serjeant; he made a rapid progress to that of a brigadier-general.—'Tis true, he had no great share either of skill or courage.—What then? *The* EARL was his friend, and he was sure of preferment. But, in a memorable year to *England*, an unlucky accident

accident stopped his promotion: — as he was turning his back, and retreating with all speed from the foe, setting the great example to his troops—(alas what avails human prudence!) he received a musket-ball below his shoulder, which penetrated so deep as to deprive *him* of life, and his *king* and *country* of a *prudent* officer.

Left thus a widow, Mrs. *Benson* now subsisted on a pension only; till the Earl of *Gravelton*, willing to hear some particulars of his late kinsman, calling at her house, fell in love with the mourner, and absolutely settled a considerable sum on her, such as enabled her to keep an equipage, on condition of her privately receiving his visits; and she was so cautious on this head, that no one ever durst openly brand her reputation.

But as a free life begets free principles, so when the Earl, charged with affairs of greater moment, began to refrain his visits, this good lady, (who had been introduced to, and still kept company with *men* of the first fashion, though few *ladies* chose to visit her) often made herself useful in forwarding their addresses, and sometimes, as we have seen, not in
the

the *fairest* manner ; — yet she had always the address to extricate herself from the blame, and never suffered so much before in her reputation as she now did from the unlucky affair of Miss *Arran*.

That hitherto unhappy beauty was in the deepest concern, when she was informed by Miss *Constance*, that her brother was detained on account of the unfortunate rencounter of the former day ; but while they were lamenting that unhappy affair, Sir *James* himself entered, his bail being accepted, as the wound was not mortal, the sword having passed clear through between the flesh and the ribs of *Ellison*, without damaging any of the interior parts, notwithstanding it had caused a vast effusion of blood.

Though the sister of Sir *James* was perfectly acquainted with the name and affairs of *Harriet* ; yet the latter was totally unacquainted with hers, as well as that of her benefactor ; and even when she heard them, concluded them entire strangers to her and her interests. On this supposition she could not bear the thought of being troublesome ; and therefore, when alone with Miss *Constance*,
begged

begged the same favour of her that she had formerly done of Mrs. *Benson*, which was, to endeavour to get her genteely settled with some lady of fashion. As the lady to whom she applied really wanted a waiting-maid at that time; had she been of the temper of some haughty beauties, nothing could have been more agreeable than thus to have had her rival at command; for such in effect *Harriet* was, as the reader may well remember.— But the elegant, the exalted mind of Miss *Helena Constance* was above those meanesses of pride which so often sully the character of her sex. “What (said she) shall it be said that Miss *Arran*, accomplished as she is, becomes an attendant, while I am able to support and protect her?—My dear *Harriet*, wound me not with the thought.—I am sure you will have my brother’s leave, and freely you have mine, to *command* here, not to *attend*. Alas! I compassionate your unhappiness, your rigid treatment from your father, your disappointed love:—in me, think, my dear, you behold a friend, a sister, and one who is willing to supply to you the loss of your relations.” “Is it possible, then, Madam,

“ Madam, said Miss *Arran*, that you are
 “ so perfectly acquainted with my un-
 “ happy story? — I have, indeed, been
 “ used hardly, afflictions on afflictions
 “ have pressed upon me; but for the
 “ last,—did you not say my *Love*? Alas!
 “ I know not what is become of the un-
 “ happy youth, but much I fear his rigid
 “ uncle has driven him on his ruin.”

Miss *Constance* then proceeded to inform her of all that she knew concerning *Charles*, the conclusion of which was his journey to *R*——; though she was totally ignorant of the motives for that expedition. In the course of this narrative, the sister of Sir *James*, far from wounding the heart of her unfortunate guest by dwelling on the failings of her lover, suppressed them as much as possible, and took a pleasure in relating such passages as seemed to indicate his constancy to his absent *Harriet*.

The fair fugitive, from these lights, entertained some hopes that she should be able to trace out her lover, and make him sensible of the inviolable truth of that heart, which had sustained so many trials, and yet remained firm to him.

In

In these two ladies, though their characters were different, appeared a summary of all the virtues and accomplishments that could adorn their sex. All that was elevated, sublime, and elegant; all the dignity of virtue, shone in Miss *Constance*, joined to an agreeable temper and fine person. In Miss *Arran* the sweetest softness, the gentlest affability that ever warmed the heart, and the most refined sentiments, were supported by all the serene composure of conscious innocence, and adorned by the most enchanting beauty. In a word, the sister of Sir *James* was the most *exalted* and *noble*, and the daughter of Mr. *Arran* the most *sweet* and *engaging* of females.

END of the FOURTH BOOK.



T H E

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T H E
W A N D E R E R.

B O O K t h e F I F T H.

C H A P. I.

Charles arrested.—An unexpected visit, in consequence of which he obtains his discharge. His reception by Lord C——. —A love-scene.—Characters of that nobleman and his lady.

IT is now high time to return to the Hero of our story, in doing which, we may easily preserve the unities, for we shall not have far to go:—having already brought Miss *Arran* to Sir *James Constance's*, in *Pall-mall*, if the reader will only

only step with us to the *Haymarket*, he may there see Mr. *Searle* taking leave of his friend—That is the gentleman; let us follow him. How he hurries away; yet now is what he values on earth, within a hundred yards of him;—so little knows man his own good:—he has already turned his back on a place, which if he knew who inhabited, he would give the world to enter. There was ever, indeed, a kind of chance in the affairs of our Hero, that had no sooner led him within the reach of a blessing, than, like *Tantalus* in the fable, it was snatched from him. But to return—

When *Charles* had left Mr. *Rattle*, he retired to his lodgings, full of reflexion on the state of his affairs, which was none of the most agreeable in the world.—He really heartily regretted his former failings, but that regret was likely now to be of little service to him.—However, as one step towards regaining his ancient peace and serenity of mind, he resolved, for the first thing, to endeavour to join his ancient friends at C——’s coffee-house, of whom we have given so high a character in the first volume of this Work: he
could

could not, indeed, be at peace within himself till he had done this, and besides written to his friends *Sedgely* and *Clare*, in a manner that shewed how much he had altered his opinions and practice.

Full of these thoughts, he was walking through the city, when a stranger approaching, asked if his name were not *Searle*; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then, Sir, said he, you are my prisoner: I arrest you for a hundred pounds, at the suit of the Earl of *Gravelton* — "Of the Earl! (echoed *Charles*,) Heavens! what can this mean; what scheme has he on foot?" "I do not know that, said the bailiff, (with a sour smile,) but I believe his lordship's present scheme is, to secure you from doing farther mischief." *Charles* disdained an answer, and suffered himself to be conveyed in a coach, in sullen silence, to what is termed a *house of safety*. Arrived, he abandoned himself to a kind of despair: he saw plainly he was fallen beneath the hand of power, and doubted not but he should sink under it.—He now recollected every particular of what the surgeon had said; a thousand

and times did he wish he had never embarked in that scheme of *Newman's*, which was attended with so many disagreeable circumstances.

Situated as he was, he knew not whom to apply to, nor from whence to solicit relief. Two days had passed on in this manner, during which space, it was with the utmost difficulty he was prevailed on to receive any nourishment.—When the human heart is oppressed with any great evils, reflexion is industrious in adding every aggravation to the present circumstances of the unhappy; — this was the case with our Hero, whose love now added to his grief, and whose every failing recurred in its worst colours to his mind.

On the third day, sitting alone in his chamber, he was told an elderly gentleman enquired for him below. On his approach, he found a person unknown to him waiting for him, with whom being left alone: “I perceive, Sir, said the
“stranger, you seem surprized to receive
“a visit from one whom you never saw,
“in this place. But I am commissioned
“by a real friend, to enquire into the
“cause of your confinement: all I have
“hitherto

“ hitherto been able to learn, amounts to
“ no more than that you have been ar-
“ rested at the suit of the Lord *Gravelton*.
“ If you will disclose to me, without any
“ reserve, the nature and extent of your
“ connexions with that nobleman, which
“ are differently related by various people,
“ it may, perhaps, end in your procuring
“ not only a relief from your present
“ distress, but a powerful protector from
“ the future machinations of your ene-
“ mies.”

Though it was impossible for *Charles*
to guess from whence this stranger came,
he hesitated not to relate every circum-
stance in his life, regarding the affairs of
the peer; from his introduction to him in
London, to the unlucky rencounter with
Mr. Selby, in ———shire; not forgetting to
repeat the caution he had received from
the surgeon before his return to town,
nearly in the words it was delivered to him.

Having heard him with silent atten-
tion—“ I see,” returned the gentleman,
“ that you have been extremely ill used,
“ and I will not fail to represent your
“ case in the favourable light it deserves.
“ Depend on it, *Mr. Searle*, you shall
“ hear

“hear from me again soon. Mean-
 “while be comforted; you have powerful
 “friends.”

He kept his word; for that very afternoon, he returned and discharged *Charles* from his confinement, delivering into his hands at the same time, a note to the following purpose:

“If Mr. *Searle* is willing to see the
 “person to whom he owes his release,
 “and to hear tidings of his friends, his
 “presence is requested to-morrow, at the
 “Earl of C——’s, in ***** street, near
 “*St. James’s*.—A small token of whose
 “regard is inclosed.”

This paper contained a bill for fifty pounds, which was at that time very acceptable. — On recollecting himself, *Charles* remembered the abovementioned nobleman to have been an ancient friend of his family; though himself had not seen him above once in his life, being so early removed from his father’s care.

He failed not to wait on his lordship at the time appointed, whom he found in his study. That nobleman received him with all the affability, and freedom of politeness,

politeness, so expressive of elegant breeding. He prevented the thanks that the obliged would have returned him, and strove to make him forget the benefactor in the agreeable companion. After some discourse concerning the affairs of *Charles*, he informed him, that his uncle had lately been declared the heir to his father's fortunes, and that himself was totally disinherited: "But let not that grieve you (said the peer.) My friend, shall yet be made sensible of his error, or even, if that cannot be, Mr. *Searle* shall never want a protector in me, while he continues to deserve one. For what is past, the foibles of youth and frailties of human nature may well plead their excuse: a wisdom, the offspring of experience, is gained by having passed them; —and I doubt not, Sir, but you will be the wiser and the happier for them. Excuse me for using this freedom of speech; you may be said to have lost (at present a parent) behold him in me, till time, or better reason, restore to you your angry father."

Such were the sentiments, such the arguments this excellent nobleman made

use of to sooth the heart of *Charles*, which was not less oppressed with the fulness of gratitude to his benefactor, than it had before been with the fulness of grief for his misfortunes. Having engaged him for that day, his lordship added, with a smile, “ we shall have such company, my dear “ *Charles*, as I am persuaded will be very “ agreeable.” This our Hero understood in a general sense; but what was his amazement, when he saw Sir *James Constance* enter, introducing the most unexpectedly welcome to him of all guests, Miss *Harriet Arran*!—Her lovely cheeks were died with a deep vermilion at the approach of her long-lost lover, who saluted her, and clasped her to his breast with a trembling emotion; while the Earl and his lady (who had by this time entered with Miss *Constance*) waited in a seeming suspense, to hear from the mouth of the lover what they already knew.—After recovering a little from the agreeable confusion this scene had occasioned in his breast, *Charles* cried, “ Oh! my “ lord—madam—ladies—excuse my behaviour, I am transported beyond the “ bounds of reason . . . After an absence “ of five long years, or rather as many
“ ages

“ages Oh! Sir, would your lordship imagine it? my dear, adored Miss *Arran*.” A smile brightened the countenances of all present, but it was a smile of approbation. His lordship, meanwhile, naturally supposing the lovers might have many things to communicate to each other, called Miss *Constance* aside, who afterwards beckoned Lady C——, and they withdrew, almost imperceptibly, leaving their guests to entertain each other.

When Mr. *Searle* perceived this, approaching the fair-one, and taking her hand—“My dearest, loveliest creature, (said he) where, for Heaven’s sake, have you been? What more than cruel hand has detained you from your faithful lover? I have ten thousand things to ask, ten thousand to say.—To whom do I owe this happiness?” “If (replied *Harriet*, blushing) it be a happiness that thus we meet, we owe it to Sir *James Constance* and the good Earl; but what more of felicity we enjoy, we must owe to ourselves. Alas! how blind, how prejudiced is love!—I had thought to have reproached you with coldness,

“ with neglect. Many charges rose a-
 “ gainst you, but I have already forgot
 “ them : yet tell me, I conjure you, Mr.
 “ *Searle*, do you bring me a heart sincere
 “ as when first our vows were plighted?
 “ Have I still the same share in your af-
 “ fections? Mock not my yielding soft-
 “ ness, nor despise that weakness you
 “ yourself occasioned. Since we parted,
 “ the scene has been enlarged. You have
 “ seen, perhaps, many beauties superior to
 “ your once-loved *Harriet*. Perhaps....
 “ Too cruel, fair, (interrupted *Charles*)
 “ why do you wound me thus ; what
 “ beauty, what excellence in my eye can
 “ equal thine. Forsaken !—when I for-
 “ sake this treasure of my soul, may Hea-
 “ ven in its anger forsake me, and cast
 “ me out.”—“ Hold, Sir, for the sake
 “ of that Heaven you call upon :—Oh !
 “ Mr. *Searle*, if the heart be not true, it
 “ is not an oath can bind it. But my
 “ easy heart believes you ; and be assured
 “ in return, while you are constant, no
 “ force of cruelty shall divide me from
 “ you.”—“ Oh blissful sound (said the
 “ enraptured lover) then am I happy,
 “ indeed. Here do I seal my vows ;
 “ vows which no power can ever abro-
 “ gate !”

“gate!” And so saying, he imprinted an ardent kiss upon the lips of the lovely charmer, clasping her to his heart while she reclined upon his bosom. But recovering, Miss *Arran* gently disengaged herself, and thus replied: “It is enough, “Sir, I believe you sincere; but remember there are many things yet wanting ere our troubles are at their final period. The concurring wills of our consenting parents must sanctify those vows we make:—remember, on these conditions alone I first listened to your love.” This served, as it was intended, to moderate the transports of the youth, which his fair mistress perceived were wound to so great a height as to disorder his whole frame; nor was she exempt from sharing them: her tender breast, susceptible of all the softer emotions of love and pity, heaved with unbidden sighs, which only the strictest regard to decorum, and the height of prudence could stifle. A discourse less interrupted ensued, in which Miss *Arran* related to her lover many of those circumstances we have already made the reader acquainted with, and consequently need not repeat.—In lieu of which we will in-

form him how the meeting we have just now described was brought about.

Sir *James Constance*, though he had often heard of Miss *Arran*, was totally ignorant of her engagement with Mr. *Searle*, and from the moment he had taken her into protection, had conceived a passion for her, which he communicated in confidence to his sister, who by that means had it in her power, if it had been in her will, to have procured her rival much trouble and uneasiness;—instead of which, this excellent lady used every method to smother this flame in its infancy, and by her address even prevailed with the baronet, who was a man of the strictest honour, to promise never so much as to make mention of his passion to the object of it.

About this time, Lord C——, who being a friend to the *Searle* family, had made frequent enquiries after *Charles*, but though he often heard of him, could never get any information concerning him, was informed by his steward, that passing one day along the street, he saw a young gentleman of that name arrested at the suit of the Earl of *Gravelton*. The friendly

ly nobleman making all possible enquiries into this affair, found at last that it was rather a piece of malice than a real debt to the celebrated personage who appeared as plaintiff, and who, in effect, had furnished our Adventurer with those things he had procured him to carry on his own vile scheme against Miss *Shirley*. In consequence of this information, his lordship, as we have seen, sent his steward to *Charles* in the spunging-house, whose accounts agreeing nearly with what he had already learned, and the character of the revengeful peer, he was set at liberty.

Meanwhile Sir *James*, who visited at his lordship's, introduced *Harriet* there, before whom it happened, that Lord C—— dropped some words relative to the affair, which immediately raised the curiosity of that lady and of the baronet. It appearing that the same Mr. *Searle* was the lover of the one and the friend of the other, that nobleman was doubly rejoiced, that he had it in his power at once to oblige so many; and the meeting above-mentioned was afterwards concerted, in order agreeably to surprize Mr. *Searle*, who, from the depth of grief, was now

F 4

elevated

elevated almost to the highest pitch of joy.

Lord C——, who had been the means of procuring so much good, was a person whose actions dignified nobility itself. He was a man of a fine presence, and engaging deportment. Divested of all that pride and indifference, which the bulk of mankind suppose the criterion of a person of quality; his rank, his power, his fortune, he looked upon as gifts entrusted in his hands for the protection of virtue, in such as wanted those accidental additions.

He was pious, sincere, courteous; a warm friend, not easily offended, not difficult to be reconciled. Bred from his youth in courts, he adopted their polite and elegant manners, without being tainted with their flatteries and vices. Virtue in any he loved, but esteemed it most in the wise: his pursuits after knowledge were mostly with a view to the benefit of mankind. Men of letters he always loved, and courted their company, if they were likewise men of virtue.—Though a person of a strict life himself, he knew how to excuse the frailties of human nature,

or

or the errors of youth. His manner of living was rather elegant than magnificent; though, when public affairs required it, he displayed a princely splendour.

His lady, with whom (unlike the fashionable world) he had lived many years in perfect harmony, was a pattern of conjugal fidelity, possessed of great virtue and shining accomplishments. She loved her lord with a tender affection. She was delicate, noble, affable, generous, and compassionate; — never met two hearts more aptly paired in marriage bands. A rarity indeed among the Great, whose chief unhappiness is generally owing to that state which ought to complete their felicity.

Such were the characters of those who protected our Hero, who thought himself honoured and happy in their favour. Every day he was blessed with the sight of his love; and Lord C—— promised to intercede with their friends on both sides, as also did Sir *James Constance*, and his amiable sister. It appeared now that the misfortunes of Mr. *Searle* and all his troubles

106 *The WANDERER.*

bles were at an end ; but his fate had otherwise decreed it : he was yet to be exposed to trials more severe, and prove himself worthy of felicity before he enjoyed it.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

*An extraordinary letter;—the result of it.—
Charles in despair.—He leaves England.*

I N the midst of all these transports our Adventurer seemed to have forgot Miss Merton, and even his vow to her; which not being of a piece with his present system, had not, for some time, entered his head. But his faculty of recollection was quickened, when, one morning, the Earl of C—— sent for him into his dressing-room, and spoke to him thus:

“ Mr. Searle, when I encouraged so much your addresses to Miss Arran, I must protest I knew not of any prior engagement you had, and I believe you are sensible that lady knew it not. — Why then have you deceived us both? Why have you deceived yourself;—or how can you reconcile with your conscience the giving to one those vows by right another’s? Here (continued his lordship) is a letter Miss Arran has received from an unknown hand, containing the whole story;” and with these words he delivered a paper,

F 6

which

which Mr. *Searle* opening, read as follows.

“TO MISS ARRAN.

“MADAM,

“THOUGH a stranger to your person,
“I am not so to your virtues and accomplishments.—It is with pain I hear
“you are on the point of giving your
“hand to Mr. *Searle*, who is unworthy
“of you; for, besides his well known
“irregularities in town, he is sensible in
“his own conscience, that he is engaged
“to one *Charlotte Merton*, now in the
“utmost distress in the country. Oh!
“fly him, if you would avoid the curses
“of that distressed beauty, or if you
“expect happiness in a married state.
“Though, as I said, I have not the
“honour to be personally acquainted
“with you, nor have any interest in the
“affair, I thought it a friendly part to
“warn you of your danger.

“I am,

“MADAM,

“Your most obedient servant,

“and friend unknown.”

There

There was such a mixture of truth and falshood in this letter, that *Charles* knew not what to think of it. His apparent confusion caused his patron to think the worst, and when he attempted to justify himself, he did it in a manner so confused, as plainly shewed he was not entirely innocent of the charge. In the end he owned as much of it as was true, which was alone sufficient to raise an insurmountable obstacle to his marriage at present; besides which, the delicacy of Miss *Arran* could never be persuaded to share what, from many circumstances, she supposed a *divided* heart.

Sensible of her weakness for him, she now avoided seeing him, and knowing he frequented the house of Miss *Constance*, she removed to that of another lady, where he was constantly refused admittance. This was a piece of self-denial, however, which cost her dear; she could not tear herself from one she loved without feeling all the pangs of disappointment. But it was a sacrifice she judged due to virtue, and to compassion for the unhappy *Charlotte*, whose heart she might well suppose would break with sorrow, to
hear

hear that he whose first vows were hers, after having obtained the possession of her heart and person, had given his hand to another. But as Anger was far from the prevailing passion of this young lady, so Resentment had little share in her resolution, though *Charles*, according to that letter, deserved it in extreme, for his abuse of her love and easy faith.

But he was now plunged in sorrow for this unexpected treatment from her he loved, and breathed nothing but vengeance on the author of that letter; whom, though some supposed to be Miss *Merton* herself, yet he knew her sweet disposition, and adherence to truth too well to entertain the least suspicion of her being concerned.

Meanwhile Lord C—— received two packets from the country; the one from Mr. *Arran*, and the other from Mr. *Nairne*, on behalf of *Charles's* father, who was then very ill.—Both seemed equally averse to the match, and the latter affected to be extremely angry with his lordship, for the part he had taken in the affair. That nobleman communicated these; first to *Harriet*, and afterwards to
Charles.

The WANDERER. III

Charles. The former was rather less affected with them than she would have been, had she not received the anonymous letter mentioned above, and replied, sighing, "Well then,—my parent's will "in this shall be complied with. On "condition he will not join me with the "man *I hate*, I will sacrifice to him, the "man *I love*."

As to Mr. *Searle*, he was much more perplexed, on seeing how far his affairs were from a conclusion: but what was his astonishment, when, some days after, he was informed, that Miss *Arran* was voluntarily returned to her father, who, having quarrelled with the baronet, had received her with joy on her own terms, by which she gave up her lover for ever.

Distraction for a while took place of Reason:—He accused Lord C——, Sir *James*, Miss *Constance*, and all his friends, for not detaining her; and was with difficulty prevented from laying violent hands on himself;—so soon was his joy converted into the excess of grief and despair. When these violent agitations subsided, a settled melancholy succeeded in their room; he grew sick of the company

company even of his friends, nor could endure the sight of any place where his *Harriet* had formerly been.

The amiable Miss *Constance*, abstracted as her ideas were, could not behold the man, whom in spite of herself she loved in secret, bending beneath the weight of afflictions, without experiencing the revival of a flame she long had strove to stifle in her breast. The most assiduous care, the tenderest consolations, however, were the only demonstrations she gave of that passion, which in many blazes out so violently.

To these cares, he was not insensible, and though his heart was now fixed beyond remove upon his amiable mistress, yet this tenderness created in him such an esteem for that lady, as he ever retained.

But his grief was rooted too deeply, to be thus removed. His native country itself began to be disagreeable; he resolved to leave, at once, that scene of all his joys and all his sorrows, and seek new fortunes in a foreign clime. Thus resolved, he got all things in readiness for a journey into the country, and hav-
ing

ing procured a command for the *Indies*, without great difficulty, by applying to the *Company*, took his leave in a solemn kind of manner of his friends in *London*, and, instead of setting out, as he had persuaded them, for *W——r*, went for *Dover*, where he embarked on board a large vessel, which waited only a fair wind to proceed on her voyage.

The captain and sea-officers received their new guest with marks of respect, and accommodated him with conveniences suited to the place, which he found, however, infinitely irksome to one unaccustomed to the sea. They had not waited long, before a favouring breeze sprung up, which increased to so strong a gale in the *Bay of Biscay*, as they could carry scarce any sail to.—This, together with a rolling sea, and an intolerable noise, made the situation extremely disagreeable. On the deck there was no standing, and below was like an hospital. But the train of thoughts which at that time filled the mind of our Adventurer, was not broken by all this confusion;—any place was to him at that time more agreeable than *England*, and he scarce thought

114 *The WANDERER.*

thought any thing could be added to the misfortunes he had sustained.

Amongst his passengers, the captain had on board a lady, who often used to look very earnestly on *Charles*; a circumstance which, however, it was a long while before he observed. One day, as he was sitting in his cabin, revolving in his mind the former scenes of his life, a servant gently rapped at the door, and delivered him a note, importing, her mistress (whose name was not mentioned in it) would be glad to speak with him if he were at leisure. Though he would rather have been excused, complaisance induced him to comply; and he followed her to the cabin where the lady was sitting, who, making signs to the attendant to withdraw, spoke to him as follows:—

“ I perceive, Mr. *Searle*, you have
 “ forgot me, though I gave you occasion
 “ enough to remember me, to my
 “ shame. Did you never know a woman
 “ of the name of *Marley*? Nay, start
 “ not, I am that wretch who wrought
 “ you so much trouble; but since that
 “ time, I have not known a happy mo-
 “ ment. Disappointed in my criminal
 “ desires

desires for you, I afterwards turned them on a clerk of Mr. *Tamworth's*, who, after I had given up to him the possession of my person, and bestowed great sums of money upon him, to support his extravagance, made himself master of bills to a considerable amount, which he desired me to lend him only in order to shew, with a view of establishing his credit;—he then went off with them, and, not satisfied with that, has exposed me to all his companions, and even left a paper for Mr. *Tamworth* to the same purpose, who weighing that with what he had heard from you and your friends, recalled his lady. She returned with tears of joy, and he forbad my longer stay in his house.

“Many circumstances confirming this account, Captain *Marley*, on his return from sea, procured a separation, and I lived, hated and despised by every one, and a plague to myself, till my remorse and grief worked a true repentance, and I confessed and entreated of my husband pardon for my crimes. That good man forgave me, at the injured lady’s intercession; and in his last
“sickness

“ sickness took me home. He prayed for
 “ me as he expired ;—and I was sincerely
 “ sorry for his death, though by it I be-
 “ came, through his bounty, mistress of a
 “ genteel subsistence. Soon after that, it
 “ pleased Heaven to afflict me with the
 “ small-pox ; you are a witness how
 “ much it has altered me. After my
 “ recovery, I chose no longer to stay in
 “ the country, nor even in *England*.
 “ Repentance may, by the mercy of
 “ Heaven, stand for virtue above ; but
 “ a reputation once lost on Earth like
 “ mine, you well know, can never be
 “ regained. My husband had a cousin
 “ in *India*, who often would fain have
 “ persuaded us to settle there. I now
 “ embrace the opportunity, having writ-
 “ ten to him advice by the last ships, of
 “ my intention. As for the rest ;—I am
 “ sincerely glad to have met you, that I
 “ may here, in the face of Heaven, sin-
 “ cerely intreat your pardon for my offence
 “ against you—You may now trust my
 “ sincerity.—Thus, on my knees, I request
 “ your forgiveness.” The tears stood in
 her eyes, and she seemed much affected.
 Mr. *Searle* raised her, and assured her he
 was reconciled, and much rejoiced to find
 her

er in such a frame of mind. But now
ing interrupted, they separated, full of
flexions on the preceding conversation.

Meanwhile a fair wind continued to fill
e sails, and promised a short and prof-
erous voyage to those remoter parts,
hither the vessel was bound. This con-
ued till they passed the Line; when the
reeze was lost in the customary squalls
d calms which reign alternately in those
arts, especially when the sun is vertical,
was now the case.

After they had passed these, they met
with a wind which proved directly con-
ary, and, blowing very hard, occasioned
e ship to labour much, and even to
rove leaky.

These circumstances, which to most on
board were very irksome, especially as
they seemed to portend a long and dis-
greeable voyage; were little attended to
by *Charles*, who cared not where he was,
whether at sea, or on shore, provided he
were not in *England*.

The captain, who had observed his
melancholy, used every means in his
power to divert it, and all his passengers,
as

as well as officers, courted his company. Among the latter of these, there was one who, from some unhappy circumstances first came to sea; his name was *Ashley*; he was a tall, well-made youth, of good sense, and great sweetness of disposition but rather of a serious turn. His assiduities soon won upon *Charles*, and they were often together, passing those hours in social conversation, which must otherwise have indulged melancholy to excess while the whistling winds, and roaring surges, together with the darkness of the ship, whose every port was shut, to deny the water access, could inspire nothing but disagreeable thoughts.

This young gentleman, by degrees weaned *Charles*, in some measure, from his gloomy sadness; and, when the latter began to grow somewhat more cheerful every one admired his spirit, the vivacity of his genius, and those shining talents that, all agreed, it would be a pity he should lose beneath a weight of sorrows.

As he grew rather more inclined to social pleasure, every one contended who should be the first to invite him into their cabins; and he was treated with not only

a com-

a complaisance, but even a friendship uncommon among strangers ; and as to the officers, though they were in a situation, where Fortune throws together, without distinction, people of various tempers and jarring interests, they yet seemed here as all one family ; and our Adventurer was received, with the greatest joy, into the number.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

*The storm increases: — A shipwreck: —
 Miraculous preservation of Mr. Searle.
 — Surprized by a party of Indians. — A
 hunting match. — Description of the man-
 ners of the Yluanais.*

MEANWHILE the wind still continuing contrary, and the ship growing more and more leaky, it was resolved by the captain and officers to put in somewhere on the *Brasilian* coast; for which accordingly they bore away.

But when they were, by account (for they had not, for three days past, been able to procure an observation) about one hundred and fifty leagues from shore, the gale increased to such a storm, as obliged them to take in every sail of the ship but the mizen. — At this time, the sea agitated by the violence of the wind, lifted its billows mountain high, and the whole Deep exhibited a scene of horror.

For two days this continued, during which neither sun, moon, nor stars were to be seen. On the second night the
 tempest,

tempest, which had been thought at its full force, shewed it was still capable of an increase. Out of complaisance to our Hero, the third mate, Mr. *Ashley*, had changed cabins with him, resigning his as most convenient, being on the windward side of the ship, and more astern than his own. The person who called the watch, coming off the deck, just after a terrible noise, not knowing of the exchange, abruptly entered, and, rousing Mr. *Searle*, cried,—“ Sir, Sir! the mizen-mast is split all to shivers. Will you have your candle lighted?” The indifference with which this was delivered, astonished *Charles*, who, having overcome his melancholy, had now rather a quicker sense of danger: he answered in the affirmative, without perceiving the mistake; and, rising as quickly as he could, hastened upon deck, where he found all things in confusion. Before he could ask the cause, a sea coming over the poop of the vessel, beat in the captain’s and great cabin windows, and floated the passengers along in their beds, who cried out, the ship was sinking. But the chief mate, an active man, and an experienced sailor, gave such orders as

VOL. II. G repaired

repaired the damage for the present, and, by shifting the helm, prevented it, in some measure, in future.

No horror, however, could surpass that which reigned this night, and which seemed, by the turbid state of the elements, as if it would threaten the total dissolution of all things:—Above, a pitchy darkness veiled the heavens, except when the sudden flashes of the lightning, for a moment, seemed to set the air on fire.—Loud thunders rolled on high, and the howling winds re-echoed to the peal; while the troubled, boiling surges now carried the distressed vessel to the clouds, then precipitated her into the vast gulphs of the deep beneath, which gaped to swallow her.

In the midst of all this, Mr. *Ashley*, by the momentary blaze of the lightning, thought he saw the land, and communicated his surmise to the chief mate, who immediately called the captain; but, on consulting the charts, they could not suppose themselves near any. However, to act in the securest method, orders were given to alter the course as much as the wind would permit: — but even before those

those orders could be put in execution, a vast sea, lifting the vessel to an enormous height, precipitated her down again upon the sands beneath, where she lay side-long, the waves breaking over her, and threatening immediate destruction.

Many of those seamen, who before had seemed the boldest, and could not bear in the passengers the fears so common with those unused to the sea, were now worse than women, and resigned themselves to their fate, without taking any measures to prevent it. Those who still retained their courage, shewed it chiefly by venting such oaths and dreadful imprecations, as only served still more to affright the rest. The captain and his officers were struck with consternation, and none but the chief mate and Mr. *Ashley* had the least of hope; but these, perceiving they had struck only on a sand, and that the bottom of the vessel was still as whole as before, attempted, by the helm and sails, to veer the ship, as the wind was now a little changed and abated; a favouring lift of the sea having lightened her, brought her off again with a vast shock, which carried away the main-mast: every one was over-

joyed at this; but their joy continued not long; for the captain ordering them to steer a course contrary to the opinion of the two officers who had saved the ship, within an hour she struck again on a pointed rock, and went to pieces in an instant.

Charles, who had borne it all with more fortitude than could be expected from one so little accustomed to the war of elements, met this completion of misfortunes as a thing expected, and went over the side, recommending himself to the mercy of Heaven, and calling on his beloved *Harriet*.

The swell of the sea beating on the rocks, broke over him, and soon took away all perception; but at the same time that it deprived him of his senses, it saved his life, and having washed him on shore, it being the tide of ebb in those parts, the storm subsiding, left him there, where he lay exposed to the weather; till, recovering in the morning, he was surprized to find himself still an inhabitant of this world.

The wind was now lulled, and the waves, yet in a troubled motion, hoarsely murmured

murmured against the rocky shore.— Having returned his grateful acknowledgments to that Power who saved him, our Adventurer began to look for the means of sustaining a life so miraculously preserved; for he found himself, at present, on a naked cliff, exposed to the weather, and which, he could easily perceive, the returning sea would nearly cover.

But casting his eyes around, he perceived a long ridge of rocks, that joined, at two or three leagues distance, with the land. He therefore made the best of his way towards the shore, which now the rising sun discovered to be a pleasant country, adorned with hills, whose tops were crowned with waving woods, and their sloping sides with fresh verdure: fertile vales extended themselves beneath, watered with pleasant streams, and enriched with cattle grazing in the meads. It is easy to guess how pleasant such a sight must have been to one who, for four months, had been the sport of winds and seas, and suffered shipwreck. He redoubled his ardour to reach the land; though he found it often a difficult task: sometimes he was obliged to

crawl on his hands and knees, at others to leap down from great heights ;—however he, at last, accomplished his intention, and found himself safe arrived at the foot of a great mountain.

Here he paused a while, uncertain which course to take, in order once more, if possible, to revisit the dwellings of men. It was easy to imagine a land so fertile must be inhabited ; and the regularity of many of the plantations seemed to argue they could not be entirely savages who possessed it.—While he was thus ruminating, he perceived several pieces of the wreck, at some distance, and many dead bodies of the crew floated on shore.—The sight occasioned a return of melancholy reflexions, and his eyes overflowed with the tears of humanity for the fate of his friends.

As he stood in a melancholy posture, with his eyes turned towards the ocean, a troop of *Indians* approached, at whose head was a young man of a noble presence, richly armed, bearing in his hand a spear : on his head rose a helmet, shaped almost like a crown, and adorned with a shady plume of purple feathers.

He

He made signs to his train to retire, and advanced towards *Charles*, who, recovered from his reverie, awaited his approach with firmness. The chief, as he came forward, made signs of peace and friendship, which our Adventurer returned as well as he could, and presented him with a small hanger he generally wore by his side, which the other returned, and, giving him a javelin, beckoned him to follow his steps. He did so, and perceived the party was fitted for hunting: they had with them a vast number of dogs, who soon roused a monstrous boar, to the great satisfaction of the hunters. Every one seemed so eager to engage him, that they even hindered each other; but the most forward of all was a youth, who appeared to be related to the chief, and really was his brother. Having first wounded the beast with an arrow from his bow, he drew his sword, and, in spite of all attempts to restrain him, came to a close engagement, in which the steel breaking, the enraged savage would quickly have put an end to his life, had not our Hero, who was near at that instant, advancing to his assistance, pierced him to the heart

with his spear. The boar fell dead at his feet, and *Charles*, having cut off his head, presented it to the youth whose early valour he admired.

On this the *Indians* set up so vast a shout, as at once shewed their joy and admiration; and he received all the marks of gratitude imaginable from their chief, who, returning from the chase, led him into a spacious temple; where likewise the young prince followed, and seemed, by the most devout gestures, to return thanks to Heaven for their success, and his deliverance.

They afterwards proceeded to a large town, consisting of a number of plain, neat, well-built houses, but without pomp, and devoid of superfluous ornaments. There appeared nothing grand, nothing magnificent, but in the edifices sacred to public devotion. The palace itself differed only in its size, from the other houses; and the elegant simplicity within, answered entirely to its appearance without.

The *Indian* prince, whose name was *Zaphner*, led our Adventurer through several

veral apartments to a spacious hall, at the upper end of which, on a throne of cedar, advanced some steps from the floor, sat a grave old man, clad in white robes; on his head he wore a plain gold circle, and in his hand he held a black wand tipped with silver: his son (for such he proved) presented *Charles* to him; at the same time, in their own language, telling the story of the chase; the old man, rising, held out his hand to him, which when Mr. *Searle* would have kneeled to kiss, he seemed displeased with the posture, but grasped his hand with a friendly affection.

When the hunters had deposited their arms, they all appeared clothed in white vests, with robes of red flowing loosely over them, except only the prince and his brother, whose mantles were of a deep blue. A repast the most simple and wholesome, was served up at noon, to which each of the warriors led in his consort.

These were mostly fine olive beauties, arrayed in the simplest taste of nature, not much unlike what we paint our shepherdesses. Their fine black hair was

bound with a circlet of flowers on the top, and fell down behind in ringlets, shading their necks: strings of purple flowers heaved on their bosoms, and their vests flowed long and graceful. But *Zaphner's* princess far surpassed them all; and she was not browner than many of our *European* beauties. Her features were delicate and finely turned; her hair of a glossy chesnut brown, her bosom full and swelling, her shape well proportioned, and her whole air sweet and engaging.

While *Charles* resided here he began, though far distant from his country, to taste a kind of happiness, arising chiefly from the agreeable manners of these people, with whom the fabled Golden Age of the poets seemed still to reign. He set himself to learn their language, manners, and customs, which, the more he understood, the more he admired.—One of their priests gave him the following short history of the country.

“ This land (said he) is called *Muana*,
 “ or *the Fertile*, and was anciently inhabited by a people from the *East*, followers of the great lawgiver * *Zar-*
 “ *Tuche*,

* *Zoroaster.*

"*Tuche*, who brought with him the sacred fire. Some thousand moons have wasted since that period; but his laws and precepts are kept inviolate: the rising age beholds them preserved, and the consummation of all ages shall not see them broken. From the northern continent, in a later period of time, we gave refuge to a nation *, harmless, brave, industrious, and friendly; they fled from the savages of your remoter world to us for shelter. Our Princes received them, and with them the useful arts of life.— The two nations are now no longer distinguished by their names. Friendship and mutual interest united them.

"In *Yluana* we look on ourselves as all the offspring of one common Father above, while below our king regards us as his children. Him we obey as a parent. If his sons are virtuous, they succeed him, if not, our council sets them aside. This assembly, chosen by the people, presides in courts of justice; but where few are ill-disposed, punishments are not frequent

G 6

* Probably the *Peruvians*, retiring from the cruelty of the *Spaniards*.

"quent. Of all penalties, our *Yluanis*
 "fear shame the most. Property is a
 "thing seldom to be disputed, where
 "every man knows his own, and thinks
 "the charge of that sufficient; and where
 "gold and silver are not esteemed a trea-
 "sure. We know, indeed, the use of those
 "metals, the unwearied avarice and cru-
 "elty of *Europe* has taught it us; but
 "knowing we despise it, and fear to ad-
 "mit, amongst our innocent and happy
 "people, what has been the ruin of so
 "many. Grandeur in buildings or any
 "thing else we seek not, except in war.
 "For the rest, gold, silver, and sump-
 "tuous buildings, we dedicate to Hea-
 "ven, in whose fear and the love of
 "their country, our youths are educated.

"The first thing they are taught is
 "sincerity; flattery and lying are vices
 "almost unknown among us; and in-
 "gratitude is esteemed the worst of
 "crimes. We encourage marriage as a
 "means to increase the people:—every
 "man at nineteen, and every woman at
 "seventeen, is at liberty to chuse; and
 "we have not heard of any false to their
 "vow these six hundred moons; when
 "they

The W A N D E R E R. 133

“they are, death is the punishment.—In
“short, love, joy, and friendship, flourish
“amongst us. War we detest, and ne-
“ver undertake, unless to preserve us
“from a greater evil.—We might hold
“a more extensive commerce with the
“sons of *Europe*, but that we fear to be-
“come slaves like them, either to a
“foreign master or domestic vices.”

He ceased, and *Charles* was astonish-
ed to hear, in so remote a part, amongst
those deemed savages, a lesson of virtues
so egregiously neglected in *Europe*.

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

The policy and maxims of Zaphner. State of the Mission-land. An unexpected meeting. Charles turned Hermit;—conveyed away by force;—arrives at Buenos Ayres. Error of the charts.

THERE was something so noble in the mien of *Zaphner*, and so engaging in his conversation, that *Mr. Searle* took a great pleasure in being with him; nor was the *Indian* less delighted with his guest. He often pleased himself with satisfying his curiosity in regard to the manners of the *Yluanaïs*; and, in return, *Charles* related to him those of *Europe*. Though in this relation he often concealed many of the vices of his countrymen, yet it is hardly conceivable how greatly the virtuous heart of the prince was shocked with such as could not be hidden in the recital.

Insincerity was a vice, he thought, deserved no pardon; and when the prevalence of bribery and corruption was mentioned, “Justly, justly, (said *Zaphner*) must any nation be enslaved, which, holding

"holding in itself the free election of its rulers, sells that freedom for gold, the wages of perjury." With regard to our religion, the doctrines he admired, but was more than astonished at the practice of it; in this he could not be deceived, having yearly ambassadors from the *Europeans* settled on the coast.

In effect, it appeared that Mr. *Searle* was cast on an island, some leagues up the sea or great river called *La Plata*, and known only to the Jesuits, settled in what is called the *Land of the Mission*.—These pious Fathers, who excluded, some years since, their sovereign from all share of advantage in those lands, live splendidly, to the number of forty, on the labour of about thirty thousand families, whom, in return, they are kind enough to subsist. The people, simple, harmless, and innocent, look on the Jesuits almost as gods, and are happy, if in return for their labour, they are suffered to kiss the garments of their masters.

Every parish has a father, who is supreme in his diocese in all affairs ecclesiastical and civil. The splendor of the churches and palaces of the Fathers,
plated

plated with pure gold and adorned with precious stones, sufficiently shews how much they are enriched by a commerce which their sovereign durst not wrest from them.

It is no wonder if the *Nuanais*, innocent and free as they were, had conceived a dislike to such proceedings, and chose to have as little connexion as possible with a people of whom they had so bad a specimen. Commerce, so often insisted on by other nations as the source of wealth, to them appeared the source of that luxury, which destroys the real riches of a kingdom; and what we deem improvements, were, in their opinion, depravities.

“ Were I (*Zaphner* would say) a native of any of the countries you have
 “ mentioned, I should behold vast harbours open, great cities, and magnificent palaces rise with a sigh, and
 “ deplore the increasing splendor of my country.—What is there of the necessities of life, this little spot produces
 “ not, enjoys not, in common with those rich, those splendid states? Is it gold
 “ and silver? We possess more of them
 “ than we want already. Blushes the
 “ grape

"grape with a richer juice, are the trees
"loaded with fruits more delicious, or
"the fields crowned with a richer har-
"vest, than our fertile vallies boast?
"What then is gaudy apparel? What
"are rich wines brought from afar,
"whose effect is madness?—What are
"all these imaginary acquisitions, but so
"many advances towards ruin?—Oh!
"christian! ask thy own heart, whether
"virtue, peace, and freedom, are not fled
"from *Europe*, to flourish among the
"artless inhabitants of *Yluana*?

"It was my fortune, (continued the
"prince,) once to go with my father's
"ambassadors to the *Land * of Priests*,
"as we term it, where a few, who call
"themselves a society of holy men,
"have usurped the rule over many thou-
"sand helpless *Indians*—I saw their mag-
"nificent palaces, I beheld the splendid
"temples dedicated to their God: I
"viewed them with tears of sorrow, and
"should have blushed to have founded
"them on oppression.—I looked on the
"faces of these priests, and, amidst all
"their riches, their unhappiness seemed
"painted

* *Land of the Mission.*

"painted on their countenances. From
 "thence, I went among their subjects;
 "though poor, they were happier than
 "their lords, and wanted only freedom
 "to complete their felicity. Surely,
 "accession of riches is accession of
 "misery, and happiness is the insepara-
 "ble companion of content!"

It was with pleasure, *Charles* heard
 these sentiments, of the justness of which
 he was conscious, from the mouth of the
Indian, whose language he was now to-
 lerably versed in. — One day, as they
 were walking together, "We have had
 "here, for many months, (said *Zaphner*,)
 "a man, who is by birth an *European*.
 "The rough blasts of misfortune have
 "borne hard upon him. He sought
 "refuge here from the ingratitude of his
 "countrymen. In yonder lonely habi-
 "tation is his abode, and he converses
 "rather with the dead than the living."

Charles expressing his desire to see this
 man, the prince conducted him to his
 dwelling, which was a lonely kind of
 hermitage, with a chapel. — Entering, he
 was met by a grave personage, whose
 silver beard waved on his breast: his
 head

head was covered with hairs of the same colour, and his whole demeanour inspired a kind of awe. "My son, (said he,) "what has brought thee hither? Is it "accident or design, but which ever it "be, thou art welcome to this plain, but "hospitable roof."

The moment Mr. *Searle* answered him, he started back with astonishment, crying, "Good Heaven, my *Charles*! my "dear pupil!" and clasped him in his arms. Our Adventurer was no less astonished to meet, in the person of this hermit, his beloved *Welden*, that faithful guide of his earlier years. "By what "good fortune (said he) is it, that thus I "once more behold my best of friends, "in a place and manner so unexpected?" *Welden*, after a pause, recited what had passed since they parted, in the following manner:

"When I was discharged by Mr. "*Nairne*, I made interest to go abroad "with a young gentleman, in the character of his tutor: being acquainted "with the captain of a merchantman, he "chose to take his passage in her.—As "it was time of war, she did not fail
"without

“ without convoy, but a gale of wind
 “ separated us from them, at the mouth
 “ of the *Channel*. A *Spanish* frigate soon
 “ after bore down upon us, and took us,
 “ after an obstinate engagement, in which
 “ my young pupil lost his life. The
 “ captain was killed, and the officers and
 “ passengers put on board the *Spaniard*,
 “ who behaved with far more huma-
 “ nity than we expected. He was bound
 “ for the *West-Indies*, and some time
 “ after meeting a vessel, steering for
 “ *Buenos Ayres*, from whence she was to
 “ return with all convenient speed to
 “ *Europe*, offered to put us on board of
 “ her, an offer I accepted, and arrived in
 “ a few days in the harbour.

“ There was a gentleman residing near
 “ that place, who, hearing my story,
 “ intreated I would take upon me the
 “ care of educating a young kinsman of
 “ his, which at last I was prevailed on
 “ to do. He was a youth of so sanctified
 “ an appearance, that few would have
 “ suspected how bad a heart he possessed:
 “ there was one failing, however, which
 “ was obvious enough, and that was his ex-
 “ cessive love of women:—I often warned
 “ him

“him against it; but in vain. I was
“one day astonished, to see him enter my
“room all bloody—For Heaven’s sake,
“Mr. Peyton, said I, (that was his name,)
“what have you done? He informed
“me, that being with a lady whom he
“passionately loved, and to whom he
“actually paid his addresses; her brother,
“who disapproved it, coming in,
“had drawn on him unprovoked; that
“he only defended himself, and that
“gentleman fell in the encounter.

“I gave him my best advice, where to
“conceal himself till the affair should be
“blown over. At the expiration of some
“time, all things seeming quiet, he again
“returned. It happened after this, his
“excesses displeased his cousin so much,
“that, but for me, he would have abandoned him;—I reconciled them; but
“having once taken the liberty to reproach
“him pretty freely with his manner of life,
“he the next morning entered my room,
“with officers of justice, crying, *There is the murderer of Don Antonio.*
“—I was astonished; but all I could say,
“signified nothing. I was seized, and, without farther trial,
“confined six months

“ months in a dungeon, and fed with
 “ bread and water—Indeed, at last, being
 “ admitted to a hearing, I was cleared by
 “ the viceroy, and my accuser fled.—Sick
 “ of the world, I afterwards resolved to
 “ retire from it, and a friendly *Indian*
 “ conducted me hither.

“ Since that time, I have lived in this
 “ solitude, which I would not change for
 “ all the splendor of the great: I have
 “ left a base world, full of ingratitude,
 “ and every vice, to reside where real
 “ happiness is to be found, amongst the
 “ scenes of simple nature. I rise in feli-
 “ city with the morning, and the declin-
 “ ing day beholds me lie down in peace.
 “ Tumult and disquiet are afar off, and
 “ my remaining days will be spent in
 “ peace and tranquility. Are you, my
 “ dear son, (for so I must call you,) are
 “ you come to share this my felicity, or
 “ are you still resolved to venture on the
 “ stormy sea of life?” *Charles* replied, by
 a narrative of what had happened to him,
 and declared he knew not where better
 to bestow his time than in this happy
 solitude.

But

But these are resolutions quickly framed, and as quickly broken, by youth. Age is the time for *solitary*, the prime of life for *social* virtue; *Charles*, however, passed some months in this retreat; where *Zaphner*, and his younger brother, whom he had delivered from the boat, often came to visit him.

One evening as our Hero, the prince, and his attendants, were walking by the sea-side, they perceived a bark making towards them, full of armed men; but as the people of the island were at peace with every one, they were not in the least alarmed at it. They proceeded in their walk, and the boat landed her men at some distance unnoticed, and came to an anchor under one of the heights, which hid her from their view.

Being entered deep into conversation, it was dusk before they thought of returning, and they were much alarmed, when they had advanced a few paces on their way back, to find themselves attacked by the boat's crew. *Zaphner* and his people defended themselves like brave men, but were far outnumbered by their adversaries. As for *Charles*, he fought till a blow on

on the head laid him speechless on the ground. Meanwhile *Zaphner* and his train made good their retreat, till succours approaching from the town, the pirates thought fit to abandon their design, carrying *Charles*, in whom they perceived signs of life, on board. He recovered not his senses till they put off to sea, when he bitterly bewailed his hard fate, that had again separated him from his dear solitude and beloved tutor.

Our Adventurer soon perceived that the people, into whose hands he had fallen, were *Spaniards*, and demanding, in their language, the reason of such an outrage, was referred to their captain, who finding he was an *European*, ordered all imaginable care to be taken of his wounds.

He understood from that officer, that the *pious brotherhood*, having some designs upon the island of *Yluana*, which they apprehended to be rich in gold and precious stones, had determined to seize the Prince or some of his attendants, and from them extort the secrets of their country; and that taking him for an *Indian* by his habit (for he wore that of the people among whom he was) they had brought

brought him on board for that purpose ; but he added, he doubted not the Fathers would release him as soon as they should know he was an *Englishman*, as there was peace at present between the two nations.

This was all the comfort he could expect till his arrival, when (his wound being previously healed) he waited on one of the principal Jesuits, and was received with great splendor and magnificence. To him he told the story, beginning with his voyage and shipwreck, and ending at the circumstance we have above recited. The Jesuit seemed to be moved at the relation, and asked him what he should do for him to make him amends, since what was passed could not be recalled. *Charles* replied, the utmost wish he could form, was that of returning to his solitude. " You have asked (returned the Father) " the only thing I cannot grant ; it is " highly improper to send you back there " again, for the very same reasons that it " was highly proper we should, if possi- " ble, have taken some one of the inha- " bitants from thence.—But this I will " do for you—You shall be conducted
VOL. II. H " safe

“ safe to *Buenos Ayres*, where you will
 “ meet vessels lately arrived from your
 “ own nation, who, doubtless, will agree
 “ to carry you where you shall chuse.”

Mr. *Searle* was obliged to be contented, and thanked him for his kindness. The Jesuit then began to enquire indirectly concerning the state and riches of *Yluana*, the disposition of its inhabitants, &c. to all which our Hero gave such answers as, he thought, would contribute to leave that people in full possession of their innocence and freedom.

Meanwhile all things were prepared for conducting him to the place appointed; and having taken a ceremonious leave of the Father and two or three of his assembled brethren, Mr. *Searle* set out, with a heavy heart, for *Buenos Ayres*, after having changed his dress for that of an *European*.

No accident happened till he arrived at that town, which is well-built and populous, and takes its name from the wholesomeness of its air. He found, as he had been told, several ships arrived there, to the captain of one of which he addressed

addressed himself, to obtain a passage back again to *Yluana*: but that gentleman treated him as a madman, flatly declaring there was no such island in the world, and brought his chart to prove it. This the Jesuit well knew would be the case, as the brotherhood has, in a manner, the sole key to the coasts of the river (*Plata*,) with which all others are almost entirely unacquainted.

C H A P. V.

Mr. Searle meets with Clare ;—Hears news of his friends. History of Belville and Charlotte Merton continued. Our Hero resolves to embark for England.

WHILE Charles and the captain were disputing this point, a gentleman entered the room, who, seeing the former, starting cried, Is it possible? Is Mr. Searle still alive? Turning about at the repetition of his name, he was most agreeably surprized to see his old friend Clare. It was some time before either of them could utter any thing farther; and the captain seeing two old acquaintances thus unexpectedly met, retired in order to leave them at liberty.

Mr. Clare, having gently reproached Charles for his neglect, requested to know what had happened to him since they broke off correspondence.—Our Hero accordingly satisfied him, on condition he would do the same. When he had finished: “Gladly, my dear friend (said he) “shall I inform you of such particulars “as will take off your thoughts from
“solitude,

"solitude, and turn them once more to
"society. For me, my story is brief :
"I lived with Mr. *Sedgely* in perfect har-
"mony ; till tired of any longer being
"burdensome to him, as well I knew he
"entertained me rather as a *friend* than
"an *employer*, I insisted on going to sea.
"Having studied navigation, I became
"second mate of one of his ships ; the
"next voyage I went out chief mate, and
"came home commander, the captain
"dying at sea. Mr. *Sedgely* then gave
"me a larger vessel, of which himself is
"the sole owner : her I now command,
"and have had a prosperous voyage.
"We left *England* since you came hither.
"And now, my dear *Charles*, prepare to
"return with me to your native country.
"Your father has paid the debt to nature :
"your uncle succeeded to his estate ; but
"shame and remorse have pursued him.
"His own daughter, since your absence,
"has published his baseness. He lived
"abhorred and detested by every one, till
"he has at last declared he waits but for
"your return to make restitution to you."
"But my *Harriet*, my dear *Harriet*"
"(cried *Charles* eagerly.) "Your *Harriet*"
"is inconsolable for your absence, and her
"relenting father has vowed, in recom-
H 3 "pence

“pence to her sufferings and filial piety,
 “if ever you return, to give her to your
 “arms. Yet more”

Then am I blest, beyond expression
 blest! cried the transported youth, without attending to what farther his friend had to communicate. — *Welden*, the solitude, and every thing else, were entirely forgotten; and his heart and voice knew nothing but *Miss Arran*. *Clare* bore with this weakness of humanity, and proceeded no farther for that time; but the next day, inviting him to dine at his house, *Mr. Searle* was more astonished than ever, to behold *Belville* enter, leading in *Miss Merton*. They had been prepared for his reception; but if his surprize was great, it was increased when *Belville*, advancing, said, “Give me leave, Sir, to congratulate you on the happy turn of your affairs, and to introduce to you Mrs. *Belville*, for so you must hereafter call this lady.” — *Charlotte*’s cheeks were dyed with a deep vermilion, when she received the salute of *Charles*, who cried, with great emotion, “It is all amazement!” As he was of a temper much affected by sudden surprizes, Captain *Clare* took care to

to turn the discourse on indifferent topics, till his friend's agitations were a little subsided.—Then *Belville* and his lady related, at the request of the company, their respective adventures.

“ From the time, said that gentleman, that I left the society, I determined to go abroad; and having procured, by my interest, an ensign's charge, I embarked for *America*, in order to join our troops, who were at that time hard pressed by the *French* and hostile *Indians*. After two or three actions, we became masters of a principal town in the *French* territories there. Among the rest, the place being taken by storm, and all things given up to plunder, it was my fortune, with my party, to break into a nunnery, than which nothing could have been more pleasing to me. After stripping the place of every thing valuable, the virgins, who had been thus immured, were the next prize. I will not represent to you the brutal behaviour of the soldiers, nor the violation, which, in consequence, ensued. Suffice it to say, that I fixed my eyes on one of them, to whom,

“ in spite of myself, I could not offer
 “ any indignity at that time; but as she
 “ was handsome, and I had conceived a
 “ violent desire of possessing her at any
 “ rate, I made a merit of securing her
 “ from every one else, and, in the end,
 “ took her home to my own quarters.

“ There (I blush now to own it) I
 “ used every artifice possible to seduce this
 “ chaste young maiden, and often threat-
 “ ened to use force, keeping her confined
 “ in her chamber; but whenever I ap-
 “ proached her, something secretly de-
 “ terred me from the execution of my
 “ purpose.

“ One night, however, resolved to be
 “ trifled with no longer, and warm with
 “ wine, I forced her chamber door, which
 “ she had bolted within, and rushed upon
 “ her, where I found her in bed. That
 “ instant I had made myself and her the
 “ most miserable of mortals, had she not
 “ cried out, Oh! *Belville*, my dear bro-
 “ ther *Belville*, were you here——Asto-
 “ nished at these words, I quitted, and
 “ desired her to explain herself; for hi-
 “ therto she had always spoken *French*,
 “ and was called *Mademoiselle Salienne*.
 “ On

The WANDERER. 153

“ On enquiry, I found her to be my own
“ sister ; well I remembered to have had
“ one, but was not brought up with her,
“ nor had I seen her since the age of
“ fourteen.—She was run away with by
“ an officer.—Escaping from him, it
“ seems, having lost her character, though
“ she preserved her honour, she went over
“ with an old lady, as her companion, to
“ *America*. Being taken by the *French*,
“ she was so persecuted with the violence of
“ a young officer’s love, whom she detest-
“ ed, and so plagued by his family for
“ inspiring a passion she never wished to
“ inspire, that being bred a *Roman Ca-*
“ tholic, as all our family were, she had
“ retired to the nunnery where I found
“ her. Her lectures of virtue had so
“ good an effect on me, that from that
“ time I became reformed.

“ Our regiment was afterwards ordered
“ to *Jamaica*, on a rumour that it would
“ be attacked by the conjoint force of the
“ *French* and *Spaniards* : there first I saw
“ this dearest of her sex, whose love,
“ at length, by my assiduity, I won ; a
“ prize I value above every thing on
“ earth. A *Spanish* ship, from *Buenos*
“ *Ayres*,

154 *The WANDERER.*

“ *Ayres*, arriving about the same time
 “ at *Port-Royal*, brought information to
 “ my consort of her father being still
 “ alive, and, after many troubles and
 “ various turns of fortune, established
 “ as a merchant there. We took our
 “ passage for that place, I having pre-
 “ viously thrown up my commission.

“ We found every thing true that we had
 “ heard. The old gentleman is still liv-
 “ ing, we are his darlings, and, sick of the
 “ world, we are determined here to spend
 “ our days, blest in our love; and blest,
 “ that, by the Providence of Heaven, we
 “ are sufficiently provided for. A distant
 “ relation dying, has bequeathed me more
 “ than sufficient to support us, and Mr.
 “ *Merton* has left off all concerns in
 “ trade, to live upon a large fortune,
 “ which, at his death, descends to us, if
 “ we should survive him. Here end my
 “ adventures:—The rest you will learn
 “ from Mrs. *Belville*.”

It was a long time before *Charlotte*
 could reconcile herself to the recital of
 circumstances, which so nearly affected
 her, before her husband, and a former
 lover. Yet difficult as the task was, she
 was

was at last prevailed with, and undertook it.

“ I was, (said she, sighing,) most miserable on many accounts, when you left me, and not one letter of yours reached me, nor did I ever hear of you from the time I quitted *London*, except when I received the fifty pounds. Miserable, and reduced to extreme distress, Mr. *Arlington* offered generously to relieve me, but I would accept nothing from him; I rather chose to be dependant on any than a lover.

“ I sought to establish myself, as I had done before, with a lady; but that was now become a difficult task; for notwithstanding the feigned name I assumed, my real one, and all my story was divulged, by the servants of Mrs. *Arlington*. At last I obtained a place, to go with a young gentlewoman to *Scotland*. Her brother, who was a person of fortune, knowing my unhappy story, cast his eyes on me for a mistress, and made me several proposals of that kind, which I rejected with disdain. Mad with vexation, he persuaded, at last, his sister to discharge me;

156 *The WANDERER.*

“ on some slight pretence; and not con-
 “ tented with that, he even aspersed my
 “ character with one of his domestics.

“ Distressed, abandoned, friendless;
 “ destitute of the necessaries of life, and
 “ treated like a common prostitute, I
 “ was tempted, in the height of my de-
 “ spair, to endeavour to end that life,
 “ which was now become a burthen to
 “ me. I plunged a short dagger in my
 “ own breast; but, for want of strength
 “ to urge the stroke home, it pierced not
 “ far enough to end me: I was taken up,
 “ and conveyed, by order of a humane
 “ gentleman, to his own house, where I
 “ recovered, and was entirely subsisted by
 “ his bounty;—a bounty so disinterested,
 “ as required not a return, but thought
 “ itself fully paid, in assisting a fellow
 “ creature in distress.

“ He had an aunt, a lady of fortune,
 “ who was going to *Jamaica*, and who,
 “ at his intercession, took me with her as
 “ a companion. There first I saw Mr.
 “ *Belville*, whose love my honour long
 “ forbade me to listen to, both on account
 “ of what had passed, and, to deal inge-
 “ nuously, because I still retained a ten-
 “ derness

“ derness for the cause of my misfor-
“ tunes.

“ After repeated solicitations on his
“ side, and denials on mine, I at last
“ communicated to him every circum-
“ stance of my life, which was so far
“ from abating his love, that I really
“ thought it increased it.

“ There too, I heard news of my
“ dear, my long-lost parent, whom the
“ merciful hand of Heaven preserved
“ to me, through various misfortunes.
“ He had embarked only as captain’s
“ clerk on board a foreign vessel, not
“ chusing to associate, for fear of being
“ known, with his own countrymen.
“ Providence, and his merit, again have
“ raised him.

“ As soon as we were joined in matri-
“ mony, we went over to him;—it is
“ impossible to express the joy of our
“ meeting, which was so great, that I
“ even feared, in the instant I had found,
“ its excess would deprive me of, a pa-
“ rent. But he lives still to bless me,
“ and for myself, no consideration shall
“ induce me ever to quit our retreat here,
“ and

“and again enter into the troubles and
 “anxieties of life. Happy in ourselves,
 “we are every thing to each other. If
 “there can be an addition to that happi-
 “ness, it is the sight of you. — Here,
 “Mr. *Searle*; here, in the face of
 “Heaven, and before my husband, I
 “give you back your vow: I enjoy
 “peace and tranquillity; *I* am happy;
 “—Be *you* so too; haste to your lovely,
 “mourning, faithful *Harriet*, without
 “the bitter consideration, of your fe-
 “licity’s impairing that of your once
 “loved *Charlotte*.

“And oh! let the failings of youth,
 “which might, unless the interpo-
 “sing hand of Heaven had not inter-
 “vened, have drawn inevitable misery
 “on you, on me, on all; let them be an
 “example to us, in our future lives, to
 “follow Virtue, *All whose paths are*
 “*peace!*”

She ended, and all present were deeply
 affected with the story, and the manner
 of her reciting it; particularly Mr.
Searle, who had so great a concern in her
 misfortunes, as made them draw tears
 from his eyes.

When

When they broke up, it was agreed that *Charles* should pay a visit to Mr. *Merton*, at his own seat up the country, while Captain *Clare* was getting all things ready for their departure for *England*, whose white cliffs, and pleasant downs, our Adventurer longed once more to behold.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

Charles's reception by Mr. Merton ;—Embarks for England. Unexpected meeting with Ashley.—Adventures of that gentleman and Miss Emihia Nairne.—Arrival at Madeira.

THE good old gentleman received *Charles* with a cordial friendship, and treated him in a most affectionate manner. Far from being soured by age and misfortunes, far from being possessed by fretfulness and whimsies, the common concomitants of old age, he was still the good father, and the chearful friend.

In answer to the many apologies of *Charles*, for his former behaviour, “ You
 “ were (said he) *Mr. Searle*, to my daughter the cause of many misfortunes, but
 “ well I know how much you suffered in
 “ having been the occasion of them. It
 “ were base in me to reproach you ; in
 “ me, whose misconduct first exposed
 “ her, helpless, forlorn, to a cruel world.
 “ But Heaven, whose bounty as far exceeded my wishes as my deserts, has
 “ yet blessed me in her felicity.—I shall
 “ now

“now descend in peace to my grave,
“and leave in these the remembrance of
“me. No more shall the cares of the
“world perplex the evening of my life;
“no more shall I toil for wealth. But
“you, Sir, who have had so much ex-
“perience in early youth, still in your
“prime, bless mankind with your social
“virtues;—and if, in the autumn of
“your years, you retire, like me, then
“shall the reward of your good deeds
“follow you, and make you completely
“happy in solitude!”

Such were the sentiments of Mr. *Merton*, for whom *Charles* conceived a kind of reverence and tender respect. — He spent some days there, till all things being in readiness, and a favouring wind arising, Captain *Clare* hastened his embarkation. The friends took leave of each other in the most tender manner, and the remembrance of former incidents bedewed the cheeks of *Charlotte* with tears at parting — They all followed him to the sea-side, nor retired till the loosened sails caught the freshening breeze, and the land lessened on their view.

Our

Our Adventurer was agreeably surprized to find on board Mr. *Ashley*, whom he thought lost in the storm that wrecked them on the *Indian* coast.

This young gentleman and two of the seamen were all that were saved, besides himself, on that dreadful night : like him they were washed ashore on the rocks, though in a different part of the country, and, finding the ship's long-boat, had ventured out in her, being unable to discover any communication between the cliffs and the level land ; from which likewise, the wind proving contrary, they drove out to sea, and were in danger of perishing for want of provisions, when an *Indian* vessel took them up, and brought them to *Buenos Ayres*. — Escaped as he was from such perils, and returning to his native country, a settled gloom yet hung on his countenance, and his breast seemed the mansion of grief. Mr. *Searle*, who had conceived a great affection for him, often pressing to know the cause of his sorrow ; as they were sitting one evening together in the great cabin ; “ If disappointed love be cause sufficient for grief, then
“ indeed (said he) have I cause to mourn.
My

“ My misfortune is singular, it arises not
“ from accidental circumstances, they
“ might, in time, be removed ; but the
“ chief obstacle to my happiness is the
“ very object of my passion :—Oh ! she
“ has broke my heart. Yet with all her
“ imperfections still I love her ; still I
“ sigh for her ; while she, regardless
“ But whither am I wandering ? I meant
“ to tell you my unhappy story.

“ Some time since, I paid my addresses
“ to the daughter of a gentleman in *Sa-*
“ *mer setshire*. His consent though, I was
“ not, for many * reasons, solicitous to
“ obtain ;—I was happy, as I then thought,
“ in that of the fair-one ; whom I at last
“ persuaded to fly with me, on a promise
“ of marriage. We succeeded to our wish ;
“ and it is impossible to express the joy I
“ felt when I clasped her in my arms, and
“ bore her to a place of safety.

“ Circumstances would not permit the
“ solemnization of our nuptials till we
“ arrived at the house of a gentleman,
“ whom she said was her friend, and
“ where we might remain unsuspected,
“ till such time as I could receive her
“ home,

* *Emily* herself was the chief obstacle to his asking.

“ home, and present her to my relations,
 “ as Mrs. *Ashley*.

“ While we remained there, my cou-
 “ sin, who lived not far off, having heard
 “ of the affair, came to see us; and I
 “ thought, often kept his eyes fixed, in a
 “ very particular manner, on my intended
 “ bride, who seemed much disconcerted
 “ with his boldness; but, not apprehen-
 “ sive of any ill consequences from such
 “ a freedom, I never took any farther
 “ notice of it, than to call off his atten-
 “ tion as much as possible, in order to
 “ spare her confusion.

“ One day, when my kinsman and I
 “ were alone together;—“ Cousin, (said
 “ he) I have a disagreeable affair, and of
 “ a very tender nature, to communicate:
 “ nothing but my extreme regard for you
 “ should tempt me to unfold what must
 “ give you uneasiness; but as it is not
 “ yet too late to recede, I will entrust you
 “ with the secret.—The lady whom you
 “ intend to marry is engaged in an in-
 “ trigue with the master of this dwell-
 “ ing, and” I here interrupted, and
 “ would not suffer him to proceed—“ How,
 “ cousin, (exclaimed I) have you forgot
 “ to

“to whom you are speaking? — have
“you likewise forgot...? — “No, Mr.
“*Ashley*, (replied he) I have not forgot;
“—I remember all:—I remember that
“it is your intended wife of whom I am
“speaking; I remember too, that you
“doat on her to death; but my friend-
“ship obliges me to repeat to you, she is
“false.—I see you are astonished: but it
“is not more surprizing than true.”

“I was indeed *astonished*; but it was
“at his presumption:—for besides the
“high birth of my mistress, and her un-
“sullied character, I thought myself too
“much possessed of her heart, to fear a
“rival. I thanked my friend coldly for
“his information, but begged he would
“let me be the best judge how to con-
“duct my own affairs; adding, that it was
“neither safe nor honourable to blast the
“reputation of a lady of her character.
“On his urging me farther, I lost my
“command of temper, and bade him
“be gone that instant. He retired with
“great coldness; and I have never seen
“him more since that time.

“Pleased to get rid of a kinsman, I was
“filly enough to think he loved my lady,
“and

“ and envied me the possession of her, I got
“ every thing ready with all imaginable
“ haste, and in two days time we were
“ privately married.

“ My bride was on my wedding-day
“ taken so ill, that she was obliged to
“ withdraw immediately after dinner, and
“ continued a long time in the same situ-
“ ation. Every morning I sent to en-
“ quire after her health, but was always
“ informed her malady increased. Dis-
“ tracted with the fear of losing, as I
“ thought, my virgin bride, I resolved
“ taking the privilege of her husband, to
“ see her, and inform myself of her si-
“ tuation.

“ As I had always hitherto sent a ser-
“ vant she was unprepared for my recep-
“ tion. Entering the room softly, in
“ order as little as possible to disturb her,
“ I could hardly believe my eye-sight,
“ when it presented me with Mr. *Bough-*
“ *ton*, the gentleman whose house we
“ were in, kneeling at her bed-side, pres-
“ sing her hand, and taking many un-
“ warrantable liberties. He saw me not;
“ and I had command enough of my
“ temper to step behind a skreen, from
“ whence

“ whence I heard her, in a soft tone, utter these words — “ Cruel as you are, what can I do, if you protect me not? “ The fruit of our pleasures will not be long concealed.—As for my husband, you know I love him not.”— “ My dear (replied the adulterer) I will protect thee.”— “ Villain, said I, coming from the place of my concealment, protect *thyself* first from my just revenge. And, so saying, I drew. He seemed greatly embarrassed and surprised, but defended himself, however, till the servants came in between, and parted us.

“ I left the house, vowing vengeance on the seducer : but whether it was for fear of that, or from prudential motives, they quitted that part of the country. I have since strove, by all methods imaginable (I blush to say it) to bring this unenjoyed bride back to my arms, but in vain ;—she slights my love, and runs desperately on her own ruin. Yet still I doat on her, still love her to distraction.

“ As I have since learned, her heart was long before given to another, a
“ cousin

“cousin of hers, with whom her father
 “would have matched her; but he, after
 “various misfortunes, rejecting her prof-
 “fered love, and disappointed in his own
 “choice, went abroad; meanwhile his
 “father disinherited him, and left all his
 “wealth to the parent of my inconstant
 “*Emily*.”

By these last words, *Charles* found he
 bore a near relation to the persons men-
 tioned in this history, at which, however,
 he at that time concealed his surprize, and
 forbore to communicate it to his friend;
 contenting himself with pitying his mis-
 fortunes, and using every argument he
 could think of, in order to induce him to
 forget his faithless bride.

Favourable winds, and pleasant wea-
 ther, contributed to render this voyage
 as agreeable to our Adventurer, as the
 former one had been irksome. The
 captain had, besides, taken care to pro-
 vide every convenience that was possible
 to be procured, to render his passage
 agreeable. A settled trade wind briskly
 carrying them along, made the distance
 lessen almost imperceptibly, and con-
 versation made the time seem short. Joy
 reigned

reigned in every face, all was tranquillity and calm composure.

Thus wafted on, they stopped not till they made *Madeira*, where they lost their breeze, and it was judged necessary to put in for water and fresh provisions, and refresh their men on shore. The beautiful situation of this place, the fertility of the soil, the rich glowing of the purple vineyards, the verdure of the vallies, and the romantic prospect of the rising hills, rendered it extremely agreeable to those, who, for six weeks past, had seen nothing but the sky and water.

Here *Charles* often strayed through pleasant groves and deep embowering shades, charmed by the murmurs of natural cascades falling from the hills; or soothed by the soft melody of birds, and fanned by the zephyrs of spring, while every breeze seemed swelled with the sighs of his absent fair-one, and every tree received impressed upon its yielding bark the dear name of his much-loved *Harriet*.

After having tasted all the vernal joy so lovely a scene inspired, without any extraordinary event happening worth re-

ording, they embarked again, as soon as the returning wind would permit, with a resolution not to stop any where, till they should arrive once more on the borders of their native country.

In this expectation, propelled by prosperous gales, and furnished with every possible accommodation, we will leave our Hero to taste all the pleasures which the expectation of approaching joys could excite in his breast, and conclude this chapter and the book together.

END *of the* FIFTH BOOK.



THE

THE
WANDERER.

BOOK the SIXTH.

CHAP. I.

A contrary wind: Capt. Clare puts into Morlaix. Adventure of Mademoiselle Cherbillon. A rencounter. Its event. Desperate condition of Charles.

THUS have we brought our History to its last stage, and our Hero, preserved through the various troubles and misfortunes incident to human life, we have at last set forward on his return to *England*.

Should we once more involve him in fresh troubles, and dash from his disappointed lip the cup of joy, perhaps it would displease our readers. On the other hand, convinced of his past errors, and having passed through so many sufferings, there is little room to imagine we could receive any blame for bringing them to a happy period. Let us appeal to the Fair; for is there a female so cruel as to desire her lover to suffer more than *Charles*, or make a longer pilgrimage than he has done? We trust there is not; and we should be justified in their opinion if this Chapter concluded his adventures, and crowned him with a happiness, the price of toil.

But after all, our readers must take as they find them; since though we undertook to write, we by no means engaged to invent a History.

But to leave this digression; Capt. *Clare's* passage was quick beyond expectation, till they came within about a hundred leagues of the *English* channel; when so strong a wind arose at East-North-East as effectually prevented their entering,
and

and kept them beating about at sea for above a fortnight, during which time they met with so severe a gale as carried away all their topmasts, and otherwise so much damaged their vessel, that it was judged expedient to put into the first port they could reach. Accordingly, the wind-favouring their design, they put into *Morlaix*, on the coast of *France*, as there was peace between the two nations.

The gentlemen of that place received Capt. *Clare* and his passengers with that politeness for which they are so famous.—The Marquis *de Cherbillon*, who resided then in that town, particularly insisted on our Hero's passing a few days with him at his seat, till proper conveniencies could be got ready to accommodate him on his journey, which he intended to take by land as far as *Calais*.

The Marquis was a person of good sense and good nature, and very agreeable in his conversation. His daughter, *Mademoiselle de Cherbillon*, was esteemed one of the greatest beauties in *France*, and had besides, all those accomplishments of education which her country-women in general prefer to personal charms.

Unfortunately for *Charles*, this lady, from the moment she first beheld him, had conceived a violent passion for him, which (all things considered) was to one, in his circumstances, a great misfortune. She was herself beloved by the young Count *D'Amboise*, who had never met with a cordial reception from her, though her father gave him great hopes that his assiduities would at last conquer the heart of his yet indifferent mistress.

Had not our Adventurer's thoughts been otherwise engaged, he might easily have seen signs of this prepossession in his favour, in the every word and action of Madam *Cherbillon*; the delays which she perpetually devised to detain him, her rising blushes whenever he saluted her;—all these spoke plainly enough: but the absent youth passed them by unnoticed.

Vexed to the heart at this his apparent insensibility, the lady, who chose rather to impute it to bashfulness, respect, or any other motive, than to a slight of her charms, resolved, with that air of freedom peculiar to the people of quality of her nation, to disclose to him a passion, which she

she doubted not but the knowledge of, would overwhelm him with joy.

Accordingly, one day, she entered a saloon where he sat musing alone ; and approaching with an air of languishment : “ Monsieur *Searle* (cried she) for Heaven’s sake, what means that melancholy air ? “ —Are you indisposed ?” *Charles* answering in the negative : “ Ah ! (continued she) I perceive plainly some lady takes up your thoughts. Come, confess, confess, Monsieur ;—is it not so ? “ —I will spare your confusion.—You love !” “ I love, indeed, Madam ; but she whom I love” . . . “ Is not, perhaps, so cruel as you imagine. Pardon me—I must rally you a little—Do you suppose that air of solemnity will “ I protest, I believe your mistress would rather meet you smiling.” — “ Alas ! Madam, (replied Mr. *Searle* sighing) how can I smile ? It is true, I am not far removed from the dear object of my flame ; but though vast mountains and trackless deserts parted us, I could not be more in suspense.” — “ And how are you certain (said Mademoiselle *Cherbillon*, still understanding all he said as of herself) “

I 4

herself) “how do you know the fair-one
 “is not at this very instant in the same
 “suspence, sighing and languishing for
 “you.”—“Oh! (cried *Charles*, enrapt-
 “tured) that I were blessed with that
 “enchanting sound from her own lovely
 “lips!”—“And even now (said the
 “*French Lady*) she herself tells you so;
 “happy in that her charms have kindled
 “a reciprocal flame in the breast of so
 “accomplished a gentleman as *Monseigneur*
 “*Searle*, for whom she need not blush to
 “own her esteem.”

Our Adventurer could scarcely believe himself awake, when he heard these last words, but looking stedfastly on the face of the person who spoke them, and not being able to trace there the least resemblance of his *Harriet*, he began to apprehend but too well her meaning. He was in a cruel dilemma how to act, and the lady perceiving it, enraged to find the slight put on her beauty and accomplishments, interrupted him, while he was paying her some forced compliments, crying, “It is enough, *Monseigneur*, I excuse you these formalities;—I see I am
 “sighted for the *Belles Angloises*;—I am
 “refused,”

“refused, and yet I live!—Heavens,
“what wretched prejudice can possess
“your breast! But think not to boast
“you have refused me, and triumph in
“your conquest:—wretch that you are
“to slight those charms, for which the
“contending nobles of our kingdom have
“sighed in vain. But such arrogance
“will meet its reward.” And so saying,
she left him abruptly.

Too well had he experienced, in the former part of his life, the rage of a revengeful woman, not to dread it sufficiently. He awaited its coming, as the mariner when he sees the blackening tempest hover over his head; while the varying winds render it a while uncertain from which quarter the impending storm will first pour down its rage. *Charles* thus prepared his breast to meet whatever of dreadful his imagination could form, though uncertain which, of many evils, he ought most to be on his guard against.

At last the scene opened, and discovered as infamous a plot as ever was laid. Mademoiselle *Cherbillon*, entering the house one day, leaning on the arm of the young Count *d’Amboise*, who seemed with

rapture to sustain all he held dear to him, said in a loud whisper, in *French*, "That is the gentleman." On which her lover fixed his eyes full of rage upon our Adventurer, who, though he suspected some plot, was yet at a loss to know of what nature it could be.

He had never seen this young nobleman, and therefore sensible he could never personally have offended him. However that was, the Count was so impatient at the very sight of him, that he scarcely preserved, during his stay that day at the Marquis *Cherbillon's*, the common complaisance due from one gentleman to another.

All the company perceived and were alarmed at it, and the old nobleman even took the liberty of asking Mr. *Searle*, if there were any *affair* (as they term it) between him and the Count? to which answering, that he had never so much as seen him before, their surprize was increased; however, they all advised him to be on his guard, till they came to an eclaircissement, how he met that gentleman, who was of a high spirit, and very fiery disposition, and was esteemed the

the most skilful person at his weapon in the whole kingdom.

Our Hero saw plainly some dreadful mischief was preparing for him; yet, from a point of honour, he forbore to hint in the least at the Marchioness as the cause; he only sighed deeply at the comparison he at that instant made between *Harriet* and this haughty beauty, and heartily wished he had never set eyes on the latter.

When our Hero left the Marquis's in the evening, in order to seek Captain *Clare*, and consult him on this occasion, every one persuaded him not to go unattended; but he, resolved to shew that innocence scorned fear, refused all offers of that kind, only engaging his word and honour to the company, before his departure, that he would not go in search of the Count.

Not finding his friend, he entered one of the public walks near the town, in which, as it happened, there was at that time but little company.—He had only taken a turn or two, and was preparing to withdraw, when he met the Count

d'Amboise in a green alley, where they were obliged to pass close by each other: the moment the *Frenchman* saw him, he exclaimed, "Vengeance, I thank thee!" — *M. Searle* draw this instant, and receive your reward for your intended "violation." Amazed at these words, *Charles* attempted to argue the matter with him, but the other would hear nothing, and resolved not to sheath his weapon after he had once drawn it.

A smart encounter ensued, in which *Charles* experienced the truth of what had been told him with regard to the skill of the Count; the point of whose rapier he received twice within his breast: Exhausted with the loss of blood, he resolved to make one desperate push, which being unexpected by his almost victorious adversary, it pierced his side with a deep wound, and they both fell together.

Just then Captain *Clare* came up, too late to prevent the melancholy consequences of this rencounter, but time enough to remove his friend, who lay speechless and senseless, profusely bleeding, on the ground. Near him, with his head reclined on his arm, lay the *French Count*,
in

in as bad a situation, but he was soon raised and carried off on a litter.

This was the second adventure of the kind that Mr. *Clare* had known *Charles* engaged in, and it was likely to prove a fatal one. Though the surgeons did not pronounce his wounds mortal, yet they seemed to entertain little hopes of his recovery: he was, indeed, the only person whom Count *d'Amboise* ever had engaged without gaining a complete victory over.

Behold now a scene of unexpected mourning; *Charles*, who so lately was just at the point of enjoying his utmost wish, wounded, in the extremity of a high fever, and likely to take his final leave of life, at a period when he had the greatest reasons to wish its continuance.

When disappointed, when miserable, when oppressed with misfortunes, then death, indeed, had been indifferent to him, and he could have left without a sigh that world which he had so little to expect from. But what a sensible difference now! all imaginable resolution was required at this juncture. We will only
say

say of Mr. *Searle* he bore his lot as a man.

[This is courage, this is fortitude; not to fall in the confusion of battle, in the heat of action, and, as it were, the pomp of death; not patiently to resign what is rendered by affliction no longer worth our keeping; but in the prime of youth, the opening dawn of joy, when every pulse beats high for pleasure, and when every wish is near its completion, then to forsake all with composure; then with tranquillity to leave the scene, and stand prepared to meet the worst, and retire unappalled, when death lets fall the curtain. —Tell me, ye philosophers, tell me, you sons of wisdom, which of you ever experienced a pang like this, and what mortal is equal to the task? Sages may preach, orators may declaim, nay, heroes may die, to prove themselves so, but in vain: Virtue can alone supply the place of all those pleasures which in this case we leave behind us, by representation of greater and more durable felicity. But, alas! after all, how unequal is the prospect of future pleasure, to the experience of present pain.]

If

The W A N D E R E R. 183

If the reader will excuse this digression, we will make amends by proceeding in a more uninterrupted series with our History in the succeeding chapters.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Retrospective view of the cause of the encounter.—Mr. Searle's life despaired of;—receives a letter from Miss Arran:—His recovery and embarkation. An accident.—Arrives in England.—History of Miss Emily continued.

WHAT occasioned the extraordinary affair we have just now related, was, that Mademoiselle *de Cberbillon* (who despaired by any other means to wreak her revenge on Mr. Searle,) had represented him to the Count as an importunate lover, who had been perpetually persecuting her with his passion, and, taking advantage of the weakness of her sex, had even been heard to threaten violation. The exasperated *Frenchman* waited not to consider how improbable such a story was; it was sufficient to him, that his mistress said it was so; and, in consequence of her assertion, he behaved as we have above described.

The daughter of the Marquis was so far from being struck with any remorse at what had happened, that she was pleased
thus

thus to have made *Charles* and the Count reciprocally the instruments of her displeasure on each other. Her pride, besides, was her darling passion, and it was satisfied to the utmost, in having been the occasion of so remarkable an affair, the story of which was in every one's mouth.

As for her father, it was quite otherwise with him; he was equally concerned for the Count and for *Charles*, and divided his cares between them. He really besides thought his daughter to blame.— The mists of passion had not blinded his eyes, and he suspected all this to be only the malice of flighted love. — These thoughts, however, for the honour of his family, he concealed from the rest of the world, who looked upon Mademoiselle *Cherbillon* with a far more favourable eye than she deserved.

While this lady was thus enjoying her revenge, *Charles's* condition grew every day worse; and even his life was despaired of; when *Clare*, contrary to the advice of his physicians in so critical a conjuncture, administered the best cordial he could possibly have brought to his declining soul. This was no other than a letter from his

Harriet,

186 *The W A N D E R E R.*

Harriet, to whom he had written during his stay here, though he thought to have reached *England* before his own epistle. The contents of this billet-doux, were as follows :

“ TO CHARLES SEARLE, Esq;”

“ S I R,

“ WITH inexpressible joy I received
“ your letter, a joy I blush not to own,
“ any more than the satisfaction it gave
“ me to find one sincere, whom I
“ always *believed*, as well as *hoped* to be
“ so. The turn your affairs have taken
“ since you left *England*, is such, as will
“ entirely answer to your wishes!—If it
“ can be any addition to that happiness
“ to share it with *Harriet Arran*, I am
“ commanded by my father to tell you,
“ that I am yours;—yours by that permis-
“ sion which I made a condition of our
“ loves, the consent of my parent; your
“ own, alas! is no more, and your un-
“ cle is rather in a condition to receive
“ rules from, than dictate them to you.—
“ If that regard you mention, is still so
“ deeply rooted in your breast, after
such

“such an absence, you will hasten to
“meet, and receive from a father’s hand,

“Your

“HARRIET ARRAN.”

There is a time when, in extremities, the most violent agitations, and transports of the mind, are more serviceable than hurtful; such was the case before us; Mr. *Searle* had no sooner heard his friend read this epistle, though it contained little more than he already knew, than he fell into the most extravagant raptures. These transports were so excessive, as the captain, who trembled for his health, could not moderate;—they ended, at last, in thoroughly exhausting his spirits, and laying him in a deep sleep.—A profuse sweat succeeded, and when the physicians came to visit him in the morning, they were amazed to find no traces (but weakness, and the slight pain of the wounds,) remaining of a fever, which had hitherto baffled all their art. His health and strength now returned fast every day, and the hopes of seeing and enjoying his love, contributed, in a great measure, to his speedy recovery.

Had

Had he not been inclined to quit *France*, with all possible expedition, on his own affairs, his safety would have required it; for the rage of *Mademoiselle Cberbillon*, seemed not yet appeased, and she was busied (as *Clare* was informed) in stirring up the friends of the Count against him. That young nobleman, not having had so favourable a crisis, was not yet recovered.

The wind now favouring, *Charles* resolved to delay no longer, but as soon as ever he was in a condition to bear the voyage, he went on board with his friend, having laid aside his first design of travelling by land to *Calais*.

In the evening after they set sail, the wind rose very much, and proved contrary: at this time a thick fog rising off the land, diffused itself around them, in such a manner, that the men upon deck could hardly see a yard before them;—after sun-set, it increased and continued all the night. About one o'clock in the morning, in the midst of this thick darkness, they thought they heard a ship coming down upon them, and the captain
several

several times called out to her to bear away. As the same sound still continued, they altered their course, in order to avoid her, instead of which, they directly met what they endeavoured to shun: the two vessels struck against each other with a terrible shock, and *Clare's* being by far the largest and strongest, the other beat in her bows against his anchor, and sunk down; the master and his men, who were upon deck, saving themselves by jumping on board of him.

On examination, this proved to be a brig bound for *Lisbon*: the master mustering his company, declared that he had lost but one, who was a passenger he had taken in for a great price, that had unfortunately killed a gentleman in a duel concerning a lady, for which he was obliged to fly his native country.

This accident, gave the compassionate *Clare* great uneasiness; though he was entirely blameless in the affair, which happened entirely through the obstinacy of the other, a fault very common with seamen.

They proceeded with great caution till day-light, when the fog was dispelled,
and

and a fair wind once more gave them hopes of a short and safe passage to *England*.

In this they were not deceived ;—on the fourth morning the rising sun gilded with his rays the white cliffs of *Albion*, and exhibited to *Charles* a most delightful prospect, after an absence of fifteen months, during which time he had never known a day of real comfort.

As soon as they came to an anchor, *Charles* and Mr. *Ashley*, taking their leave of Captain *Clare*, went on shore, and hired a post-chaise for *London*, whither they both were bound ; our Adventurer to the house of Mr. *Arran*, and his friend to enquire after his relations in town.

In the way between C—— and R——, the carriage by some means or other broke down, just opposite a public-house, into which our travellers were obliged to retire, till the damage was repaired, having by good fortune themselves sustained no injury from the accident.

When they entered here, they found the mistress of the house very busy, in
amicably

amicably adjusting a quarrel between two of her guests, who were extremely noisy. "How many times (said she) must I beg you will remember the sick lady above. — For God's sake, gentlemen, consider poor Miss *Nairne*." "Of whom did you speak, Madam?" " (said *Ashley*, in amaze.) I was entreating these gentlemen (replied she) to consider 'Squire *Nairne*'s daughter, who lies ill above: poor lady, she has a great deal on her spirits; she can neither live nor die in peace."—"My cousin *Emily*!" (exclaimed *Charles*.) "What is Miss *Nairne* related to you?" " (returned his friend,) What a strange discovery! Are you then the person who suffered so much on her account?"—"I am, (said *Charles*,) that unhappy WANDERER, whom Heaven has hitherto so much afflicted; but my pilgrimage, I trust, is now at an end; and most sincerely do I pity you: but come, let us comfort, if possible, the mourner, and speak peace to her troubled breast."

Accordingly, *Charles* and Mr. *Ashley* went up stairs, where, in a darkened room, not full of the *affection* of sorrow,

row, but in *real* disorder and anguish of mind, lay *Emily*, not in a *rich bed*, adorned with studied ornaments, but on a *homely couch*, whose appendages barely covered her.—Her delicate form was exposed not by an *artful negligence*, but a *real necessity*, and her rising bosom heaved with other sighs than those of an *affected languishment*. Fair she was still, but her bright eyes had lost their piercing lustre, and want, misery, and sickness, had reduced her to the shadow of her former self.

Ashley could not behold such a sight without the returning emotions of love, pity, and tenderness; he flew to her, and tenderly embracing her: “Oh! my “*Emilia!* (cried he,) is it then come to “this?—Are these our nuptial joys!” Grief overpowered him, and he sunk upon his knees by the side of the couch. The melting eye of Pity pours its sorrows even for enemies in distress. — *Charles* wept, *Charles*, whom she had strove to ruin, and to all whose misfortunes she had so much contributed. It is easy to imagine she herself was not less affected; twice she attempted to speak, and twice
her

her sighs restrained her : at last her words found utterance.

“ It is too much, (said the mourner,)
“ this sorrow for me is too much : I have
“ deserved all I bear, and more than all :
“ yet not from him by whom high Hea-
“ ven has been pleased to afflict me. Oh !
“ Mr. *Ashley* ! *Boughton*, that vilest of
“ men, for whom I forsook your arms,
“ after having made use of me as the in-
“ strument of his vengeance on my fa-
“ ther (whom he always hated) in first
“ obtaining a large sum of money from
“ him, and afterwards publishing to the
“ world his crimes ;—that very *Boughton*
“ stripped me of all I had, and basely sold
“ me as a common prostitute into the
“ hands of a base wretch in *London* ; whose
“ ends when I answered not, she arrested
“ me for debt, and I was forced to com-
“ ply with her vile proposals, in order to
“ obtain a release. Sicknefs soon after
“ seized me ;—rejected by my father, my
“ character lost ; abandoned, forsaken,
“ and withering in my prime, in the ex-
“ treme of my distress I had even resolved
“ to apply to my uncle *Searle* for relief :
“ Heaven knows how little I deserved it
Vol. II. K “ from

“ from his hands. I had no friend to
 “ intercede; I called at his house in *Lon-*
 “ *don*, but was informed he was then at
 “ *C——*: I set out on foot to follow
 “ him; but at this place my strength
 “ failed me. The mistress of the house
 “ has since supported me as well as she
 “ was able, having been formerly herself
 “ a servant to my father. Unhappy *Asb-*
 “ *ley*! too unhappy in your love for me;
 “ had I known how to prize that love, we
 “ had both been blessed: and you, my
 “ much-injured kinsman, how much do
 “ I repent I did not, would that atone
 “ for my conduct towards you.”

Deeply affected, they both protested
 that they sincerely *forgave*, and would
 endeavour to *relieve* her. “ Alas! (re-
 “ plied she, sighing) relief comes too late
 “ for me; but Heaven has sent you to
 “ speak comfort to my departing soul,
 “ and I can now die in peace. One thing
 “ has long lain on my spirits;—my cruel
 “ father bound me in a vow, if ever you,
 “ Mr. *Searle*, joined in matrimony with
 “ me, to take the opportunity of living
 “ with your parent to dispatch him by
 “ poison. It was at this horrid design
 “ your

“ your pious *Welden* hinted ; he knew it
“ from a paper of mine which he found.
“ Your dying father forgave me, as you
“ do now. A thousand blessings wait
“ on you both, and erase the remem-
“ brance of those sufferings I have occa-
“ sioned you. My spirits are exhausted ;
“ —I would say many things—The sum
“ of all is, forgive me,—pity me.”—
So saying she sunk gently down, and they
withdrew ; having given previous orders
to the people of the house, together with
money, that she might want for nothing.

The chaise was by this time got ready,
and they resumed their seats, full of me-
lancholy reflexions on the scene they had
just been witnesses to : and so tender was
the temper of Mr. *Ashley*, that he vowed,
if Heaven would be pleased to restore
Emily again to health, he would take her
(polluted as she was) to his bed.

How far the world may blame him
for such a resolution, we are not ignorant,
nor shall we determine whether it was a
right one ; much less will we assert it to
be *prudent* :—we will only observe, that it
proved good-nature in excess to be pos-
sessed by the person who formed it. And,

indeed, this was the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. *Ashley*.

It is a great absurdity to suppose different people, of various tempers, will act the same in similar circumstances : there is not any incident so trifling in life, wherein the character, or natural bent of every particular man, does not, in some measure, shew itself, as was observed in the childhood of that Hero, who would always be the king among his play-fellows.

And to preserve this unity of character should be the chief care of an epic poet, since the contrasted tempers of different heroes set off the beauties of a *poem*, as light and shade are known to do those of a *picture*.—How much more inexcusable, then, would it be, not to stick closely to the true characters of men in real history ; this were, indeed, to draw such figures as *Horace* speaks of in his *Art of Poetry*, from which we could expect no other good effect than this, that our readers who could not laugh *with us*, would at least laugh *at us*.

C H A P. III.

*Arrival of our Adventurer in London:—
His reception by Miss Arran.—A tender
scene:—His marriage;—sets out with
his bride for Somersetshire.*

AS soon as they arrived in *London*, Charles quitted Mr. *Affley*, and flew to Mr. *Arran's*, where he found the whole family in tears, on account of the news of his rencounter, which had just reached them. *Harriet*, at sight of him, fell backwards, and fainted away, while her father was divided between the care of his child, and a thousand questions which he put to Mr. *Searle*.

That gentleman ran to his mistress, and raising her in his arms, cried, “Look up, my dear, my lovely *Harriet*!—My life! my soul! — It is thy *Charles* returned! Oh! bless him with thy presence, who lives but for thee:” and so saying, he raised her in his arms; and while, like a drooping flower, her head reclined upon his arm, he imprinted such ardent kisses on her lips, as, with his tender assiduities, restored the lovely maid to
K 3 light,

light, to life, and to her Love returned. The pale hue, which, like an envious curtain, had shaded her glowing beauties, was now removed, and, in its room, a blush vermilined over her damask cheek.

Her lover himself beheld her now more ripened charms with surprise: absence had the more endeared her, and she was arrived at that age in which each revolving year adds a fresh lustre to beauty.—So the rose-bud, fair to the eye, and grateful in its scent, glows, as it opens, with a deeper dye, and diffuses a richer fragrance around.

The speechless energy of bliss succeeded, more expressive far than words can describe, or the glowing pencil depict. Rejoicing in their joy, stood the now happy father, and clasped, by turns, his children to his breast.—“ I have much
 “ to say (cried he) much to apologize
 “ for, to thee, my child, and to this
 “ worthy youth; but I was deceived.
 “ Excuse, my dear son, the error of human nature, and receive the only recompense I have left to bestow, my
 “ *Harriet*, my dear daughter.”

“ Oh

“ Oh, Heavens, (said the enraptured
 “ *Charles*) a recompense beyond all the
 “ blessings on earth ! My dear, my lovely
 “ *Harriet*, speak ; shall we be joined, never
 “ more to separate ? Oh ! speak, and ease
 “ my love-sick breast ! ” — “ My dear Mr.
 “ *Searle*, (said Miss *Arran*, tenderly) for
 “ so I now may call you, moderate but
 “ these transports : — your *Harriet* is yours ;
 “ she will be yours for ever. ” — This is,
 “ indeed (exclaimed *Charles*) a happiness
 “ worth bearing ages of sorrow for. — My
 “ love ! My charmer ! when shall be the
 “ happy day that shall join us ? — Speak,
 “ I conjure you ; but put not off our fe-
 “ licity too long, lest some envious dæ-
 “ mon should again divide us. ”

The confusion of Miss *Arran* would not permit her to give a determinate answer to this question, which her father answered for her, fixing it within two days. — “ Alas ! said the lover, those are two
 “ ages, to one in my situation ; — but since
 “ it must be so, fly swiftly, ye hours,
 “ till the appointed time of that happi-
 “ ness, for which my sickening soul lan-
 “ guishes. And thou, pattern of con-
 “ stancy, of tenderness, of filial affection ;

“ thou great reward of all my sufferings
 “ past, and auspicious crown of all my
 “ life to come, permit me, now the wild
 “ transports of sudden joy are subsided,
 “ permit me again to breathe those sighs,
 “ those vows I so long devoted to thee.”

Here a more soft, a more tender scene
 ensued : *Charles* gently held the yielding
 fair-one in his arms, and wooed her with
 all the speechless eloquence of love. The
 tenderest, most chaste, most amiable pas-
 sion that ever warmed a female heart,
 glowed in the bosom of *Harriet*. Devoid
 of affectation, though mistress of the
 strictest modesty, she deemed it no breach
 of decorum to allow thus much to her
 lover, to her future husband.——Blame
 her not, but rather blush, ye affected
 prudes, you over-actors of a part never
 intended you on the stage of life, and ac-
 knowledge this lovely one your superior.

Is there, in all the works of Nature, a
 sight so endearing, so calculated to inspire
 the most generous, the most tender senti-
 ments which can possess the human heart,
 as that of a yielding fair-one, sinking,
 covered with blushes, into the arms of a
 lover, whom honour, prudence, virtue,
 and

and manly tenderness, declare worthy of the treasure she possesses ?

Let the libertine, too, turn his eyes hither ; let him ask his own heart, if all the loose pleasures he enjoyed could ever equal this.—Love is the soul of harmony, the connecting chain that links the whole frame of being ; it is the glory of nature, and the very perfection of human kind.

Mr. *Searle* stirred not from the house of Mr. *Arran*, till the appointed day came, in which he was to be made the happiest of men ; when his *Harriet* appeared, dressed in a negligée of white satin, embroidered with silver flowers. Her golden hair was crowned with a circlet of diamonds, which rose gracefully upon her lovely forehead : pink-coloured ribbands bounded her snowy bosom, whose panting whiteness was rendered the more conspicuous by a cross of rubies. The lovely blush which adorned her cheeks, added a fresh lustre to her charms. Not *Cytherea's* self, had she descended from the thrones above, drawn in her radiant car, surrounded by the Loves and Graces, could have yielded such pleasure to *Charles*, as did this sight of his beloved mistress.

In the presence only of Sir *James Constance*, his amiable sister, and a selected few, their hands were joined, and *Charles* received from the hands of the baronet, the greatest blessing upon earth. He sealed his vows with such a kiss, as “*thrilled voluptuous to the fainting heart,*” and led home his bride in all the raptures of expecting love.

Though the marriage was what is called private, yet it was so much known, that the bells were rung, and other testimonies of joy appeared among those who knew Mr. *Arran* and his lovely daughter.

The guests invited, besides those specified above, were, as we said, but few, and those were not such as, by an ill-placed raillery, would shock the modesty of a delicate bride; a scandalous custom, though too much encouraged; and which is, in reality, no more than a relick of *Gothic* barbarism.

In order to avoid noise, as much as possible, they set out, as soon as the ceremony was over, for Mr. *Arran*’s seat in the country; not the same where his daughter

daughter had before been confined, but one in *Somersetshire*, where, having sent previous notice of their intention, every thing was prepared for their reception.

Among the servants was the faithful *Maria*, who, after having evaded the many snares of Mr. *Ellison*, who had privately conveyed her away, returned, on Miss *Arran's* reconciliation with her father, to her service.

As for *Ellison* himself, he was married, and become completely miserable in his unhappy choice of a spouse, who was no other than Miss *Selina R——*, sister of the baronet that had occasioned Miss *Harriet* so much trouble.

As she has been hitherto but slightly mentioned, we will give the reader a short sketch of her history.

Miss *Selina* was related only to Sir *L——* by the father's side, and not being the most agreeable company to her brother, they were separately brought up, and seldom met together; she was one of those haughty beauties (for it must be allowed she was handsome,) whose *passions outstrip the wind*, and who can

never be in any one's favour that is not blinded with prejudice, or, like *Ellison*, swayed by interest.

It was, however, with her name that her brother made free, to carry on his design against Miss *Alton*; and she, in return, made as free with his, more strongly to recommend herself to Mr. *Ellison*.

That gentleman, when he married her, had been made by these and many other means, to expect a much larger fortune than she was mistress of; nor had he failed to exaggerate his own, to gain her: thus being mutually disappointed, Mr. *Ellison* soon began to play the tyrant, and *Selina* took her revenge upon the moroseness and ill-humour of her husband, which led her to do every thing displeasing to him, and to take such courses, as often led him to suspect her virtue; but as no proofs could be obtained of her defection in this point, he could not publicly accuse her, and not caring for a separation, which must carry away with it, as things were circumstanced, a great part of her fortune he was forced to submit to this evil, and they lived a perpetual plague to each other, till his death
(which

(which was occasioned by a fall from his horse) delivered him. But to return—

An elegant entertainment was provided for the invited guests, on the wedding-day, and open-house kept for all the country, who loaded the bride with blessings: her piety, affability, and charity, had made her the darling of all who lived round her.

The day was consecrated to joy and festivity, but without uproar and confusion. Laughing Mirth and rosy Health were joined at the banquet: Pleasure smiled at the scene, she fled even from the *Arcadian* shepherds, to join that day the bride, the bridegroom, and their happy friends.

Mr. *Arran* again enjoyed the pleasures of youth in his children, and they in him respected an old age, that was not soured with ill-nature, nor perplexed with cross fancies. Mutual confidence is the bond of congenial souls, and mother of friendship. She reigned here supreme, and rendered all completely happy.

As soon as the hour of rest approached, the bride retired, and the ardent lover stayed

206 *The W A N D E R E R.*

stayed not long after her. Having excused himself to the company, he retired full of transport, to seek his charmer, the mistress of his soul, whose lovely blushes, at his approach, increased the glowing of his ardent bosom.

But who can describe the wild tumult of joy that succeeded, when, free from all intruding eyes, he clasped in his arms that most lovely of her sex, and experienced a pleasure beyond the reach or conception of his most lively imaginations.—Heavens! what a scene of dying transports, and tumultuous bliss!—

But veil we here what cannot be described, and is best conceived by the sensations of the feeling heart. Reader, if thou hast ever known the passion of love, and those softer emotions that humanize mankind, thy fancy will take up the pencil, and finish the imperfect picture.

And now we have brought our Hero to the summit of human felicity, it may be expected that, like too many modern biographers, we shall leave him there; but be not deceived; our History, not yet complete in all its parts, obliges us
to

to proceed yet farther. If thou art tired—
Adieu—‘ Like an old accustomed stage,
we must proceed on our journey, be the
passengers few or many.’

Besides, as there are some personages,
who have had some share in the events
of this story, of the conclusion of whose
adventures no mention as yet has been
made, it is but just that we should say
something of them, before we put a
finishing stroke to what, perhaps, some
ill-natured critics may think has been but
too long already.

One would indeed imagine, by the
nature of some of our modern writings,
that a man *died* the instant he was *married*,
as that is become as natural a closing
scene with these gentlemen, as death is to
life;—and the moment the hero and he-
roine are joined, the author, professing
he has done his part, in coupling, puts
them to bed, and takes leave with a
flourish. But excuse us, if we follow Na-
ture more closely, since, from the first,
that is all the merit this Performance
pretended to; and if it ever was pleasing,
tender, or engaging, be assured it was
solely owing to that golden rule.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

Clare in love. Mr. Searle and his lady introduced at court:—Their reception. They are seen by Sir L—— R——. Mr. Nairne's speech and behaviour to Charles;—His death.

THOUGH circumstances did not admit of Lord C——'s honouring the nuptials with his presence, yet he sent congratulatory messages to the bride and bridegroom, with an invitation to them and their friends, when they left Mr. Arran's seat, to spend a few weeks with him at his lordship's house in London.

As soon as Captain Clare could clear his vessel, he too came to pay his compliments to the new-married pair, who, happy in each other, were yet susceptible of an increase of that felicity from the sight of their friends.

Here Love, whose ready shafts are ever near attendant on the joys of *Hymen*, espying one not subject to his empire, chose a sharp arrow from his quiver, and deeply infixed it in his heart.—And now,
at

at sight of Miss *Constance*, *Clare* felt a pleasing pain unknown before; he never saw her approach, but with a thrilling joy, nor parted from her but with a painful reluctance.

But this was not a time for observing eyes to pry into the secrets of others; his passion, therefore, passed unnoticed, as his sighs unheard. But when Sir *James* and his sister took their leave, and were departing for *London*, the emotions of his heart so spread themselves over his countenance, that they were visible to Miss *Constance*; and a rising blush diffused itself over her face, which plainly shewed she was not insensible of what was passing in her lover's breast.

As for her, she had indeed obtained a painful victory over herself, and sacrificed her early love to the dictates of strict honour:—Well she knew, that a flame may in its infancy be stifled, which, if suffered to blaze out, no possible means can effectually suppress:—this she resolved to do, and this she effected.—That extreme joy of the generous soul, which is happy in contributing to the felicity of others, was her reward; and she

she now looked on him with all the esteem of a friend, whom her better reason had forbid her to regard with the eye of love.

On Mr. *Searle's* return to town, the Earl and Lady *C*—— received him and his bride with marks of the sincerest friendship. They entertained them with elegance and splendor, and introduced them to persons of the first rank and quality. At court they were presented to his Majesty, and by him graciously received, while a whisper ran through the drawing-room, that Mrs. *Searle* was one of the greatest beauties ever beheld in that splendid circle. All eyes were on her, and it required the effrontery of a lady of *quality*, in the strictest sense of the word, not to be sensible of some little confusion. —We will candidly own, *Harriet* had not acquired that criterion of nobility. Ingenuous modesty dyed her beauteous cheeks with vermilion, and the blush made her appear a thousand times more lovely.

Sir *L*—— *R*—— was there :—like the Devil at the distant sight of Heaven, he repined at his loss, and envied a happiness

pinefs his corrupt heart was never capable of enjoying. He had long fince bade "*evil* be his *good*," and was refolved, if poffible, to ruin the felicity of the happy pair.

Regardless of him, Mr. *Searle* led his fair bride to her coach, through a gazing crowd, who were fo eager to behold her, that it was with difficulty he paffed them. —All eyes admired *her*; —all tongues pronounced *him* bleff. If love had left room for vanity in his heart, our Hero might have been abundantly fatisfied, by the praifes beftowed on his confort; but he had not leifure for fo trifling a pleafure.

While Mr. *Searle* and his lady were thus enjoying a pure felicity, *Clare* fighed in fecret, and was confumed with a hidden fire. His florid complexion, grew pale and wan, his eyes heavy and languid, and his afpect, from all the rofy plumpnefs of health, was now become thin and meagre.

Amazed at this change, Mr. *Searle* one day in private preffed him to difclofe what grief it was that hung upon him; for

for plainly he perceived this to be rather a disorder of the *mind*, than of the *body*, which in so small a time, without any apparent external cause, had wrought such a visible alteration in his person.

“ I know not (answered *Clare*, sighing,) whether I ought to disclose my weakness to any ; but, as our friendship requires, that neither joys nor sorrows should be hidden, which each has a right to share, to you I will unfold it, on your solemn promise, never to disclose it to any other person whatsoever, without my full and free consent.”

When this condition was complied with, he thus proceeded :—“ Know, then, my friend, I am consumed with a hopeless flame :—I love Miss *Constance*, to distraction love her ; but fortune has set her so far above me, that I cannot think of obtaining her.—My honour will never suffer me (even were her consent secure) to bring into an illustrious family, a wretch who knows not his parents, a poor foundling, long subsisted on the charity of a stranger, afterwards consigned to the care of the pious *Welden*, who now, alas ! remains

“ unknown

“unknown upon a distant shore. Can
“I do this?—No, rather let me fall the
“victim of my unhappy passion, and
“equal, if possible, the bright object of
“it, in generosity.—Yet, oh! my friend!
“even amidst all this distraction of mind,
“I am yet blest in one thing, and that is
“to see you so. May each revolving
“year augment that felicity which you
“enjoy. Ah! pluck the quickly fading
“flowers of pleasure, ’ere they wither,
“and leave me to my inevitable fate, nor
“let one thought of me disturb your
“tranquility!”

This discourse much affected Mr. *Searle*, who was greatly perplexed for the situation of one he could not relieve. His promise bound him not to mention what he had heard, or he would have become a mediator with Sir *James Constance* for his sister’s favour. What rendered him still more uneasy was, that from the day this declaration had been made, the captain disappeared, and was, as he afterwards found, retired into the country.

While these things were passing, our Adventurer received a message from his uncle, who was then very sick, importing
that

that he requested his immediate presence. Accordingly he went, and found that gentleman in a desperate condition. As soon as he approached, Mr. *Nairne* raising himself in his bed, spoke as follows :

“ Cousin, I have injured you much ; to
 “ extenuate that injury by frivolous excu-
 “ ses, is what I have neither leisure nor
 “ inclination to do : I know I ought not
 “ to hope for your pardon, even while I
 “ solicit it. I have offended you, and can-
 “ not recal the offence. This only I can do
 “ —I am going to the high tribunal, where
 “ I know not how my account may stand.
 “ To make all the atonement now in my
 “ power, I have left you in my will not
 “ only all that was yours by right, but
 “ all that remained of my own estate.
 “ My daughter *Emily* is dead ; I cannot
 “ then give it to one who has more right
 “ to it. Even should I survive, all this is
 “ yours, and I will content myself to live on
 “ a moderate stipend, secluded from the
 “ world. Tears and the external marks
 “ of sorrow I have been long unaccus-
 “ tomed to ; but I feel a pang beyond
 “ them all, beyond the power of descrip-
 “ tion ; and I confess my firmest resolu-
 “ tions

“ tions fail, when I reflect on the punish-
“ ment of those who abuse talents like
“ mine, and conceal their crimes beneath
“ the specious veil of piety and virtue. I
“ I have no more to add, than again to
“ request your pardon :—If you retain
“ that generous temper I ever knew you
“ possess, *you* will grant, though *I* have
“ not deserved it.

The free and generous manner in which
our Hero forgave, and administered the
words of comfort to his worst of enemies,
whom he conjured to address Heaven for
mercy, at last drew tears of gratitude even
from this flinty heart.—“ At last (said
“ Mr. *Nairne*) you have, indeed, gained
“ a noble victory ; my stubborn heart
“ melts, and overflows with gratitude :
“ unused to weep, you have, for the first
“ time these forty years, called tears into
“ my eyes. Yes, generous kinsman, I
“ will seek that Heaven you adore, tho’
“ late ; and present my prayers for your
“ happiness as the first fruits of repent-
“ ance.—Unnumbered blessings light on
“ thy injured head, and swell that heart
“ with joy which melts now with pity.
“ The crown of all joys, a good con-
“ science

216 *The* W A N D E R E R.

“ science attend thee, fill thee with rap-
“ ture here, and give thee a foretaste of
“ future bliss !”

Here the emotions of his heart prevail-
ed so strongly, that his nephew thought
fit to retire, and leave him to his private
contemplation, sincerely thankful, that
he had been an instrument in the hands
of Heaven, of raising contrition in the
heart of his repentant uncle.

That gentleman, survived not long ;
but having settled all his worldly affairs,
as he had declared, in favour of *Charles*,
he expired, a sincere convert to the
gentler virtues of his injured nephew.
The news of his death drew tears from
the eyes of that pattern of the social
virtues : such indeed, he was, for though
the vivacity of youth had often led him
astray from the direct path of strict Mo-
rality, yet his heart was ever good, and
he never thoroughly lost sight of those
precepts, which his good tutor took so
much pains to inculcate.

In the height of his good fortune,
however, he would often sigh, to think
he had left behind him the man who
formed

formed his early youth to virtue, and to whom it might be said, he owed even *himself*. But it is likely, Mr. *Welden*, then grown old, enjoyed nearly as much pleasure in his *solitary* life, as his pupil, in the prime of manhood, could promise himself in a *social* one. As day and night succeed each other, as varying seasons teem with various productions; so are the different ages of life adapted to different pursuits.

[Love, friendship, and society, are the grateful joys of youth; while age, low bending with the weight of years, looks back on past pleasures, with a more impartial eye, sees the pointed sting contained in every fluttering pleasure, and well knows the bitter draught that is infused into the cup of joy. Solitude, contemplation, and the blissful retrospection of a life well spent, then lift the soul to Heaven, and (as is most proper) before she leaves her old mansion, make her the fit guest of a new and more exalted dwelling.]

Mr. *Arran* had resolved to spend the remainder of his life with his children; to which end he was busied in preparing

his house in town for their reception, while they resided, in the interim, with the good Lord C—— and his lady, near *St. James's*.

The baronet and his sister were frequent in their visits there ; and that gentleman would often compliment Miss *Constance*, by wishing her such a consort as Mr. *Searle*.—A sigh sometimes stole from her lovely bosom on these occasions, as remembering what she had suffered on that account, unnoticed by our Adventurer, who never entertained the least idea of having inspired her with so soft a passion, and ignorant how much he owed to her care in bringing him back to the paths of virtue.

Mrs. *Searle* contracted a strict friendship with this lady, and they became as sisters to each other : lady C—— often smiled at their remarkable intimacy, and begged she might make a third in this knot of friendship. This lady, when young, was of a very lively disposition, and so much of it still remained as to make her conversation extremely agreeable, and prevent softness from becoming too serious, and gravity from subsiding into melancholy. She would sometimes
say,

say, that Mr. *Searle* was so taken up with his *Harriet*, that he would become an absolute husband and quite unfashionable. "Positively, my lord (continued her ladyship) I will not have these two turtles sit billing and cooing here all day; I will engage Mr. *Searle*, and you shall escort his lady to public diversions. We will make them like the rest of the world in spite of themselves, though the ungrateful creatures won't thank us for it."

C H A P. V.

A masquerade adventure ; and its consequences. Sir L——R——'s exit. Captain Clare returns : The story of his birth.

IN one of these pleasant humours, her ladyship engaged Lord C—— to take *Harriet* with him to the masquerade, while she entrusted herself to the care of Mr. *Searle*, and carried him another way ; “ for (said she) if these married lovers “ should be in the same party, they would “ absolutely spoil company.”

Accordingly his lordship, at the proper time, set out with our Heroine, having provided themselves with masking habits. —He was himself dressed in the character of an old shepherd, she as a shepherdess, his daughter. We shall not detain the reader with a description of a masquerade, which is, in effect, only an assembly of people of fashion, who divert themselves by assuming grotesque habits, and talking in an affected voice.

During the course of the entertainment, there was a mask that seemed very assiduous to follow Lord C—— and *Harriet*,
at

at which the latter seemed a little alarmed; but the nobleman, more used to these scenes, easily avoided him, by shifting places, and passed the affair unnoticed.

But in the confusion of the company's withdrawing, his lordship, by some means, lost his fair charge for awhile, but presently seeing her, as he thought, a little before him, he handed her into the coach.—But what was his surprize when her mask dropping off, he perceived he had not conducted Mrs. *Searle* thither, but another in the same kind of habit. For *Harriet* chose to keep her mask on all the while, as did some other beauties, to prevent being too much gazed at.

The Earl asked pardon of the stranger, who protested she was led into a similar error; and conducting her back, as she would not accept a place in his coach, he searched with all diligence for our Heroine, but in vain. He returned home in great confusion, where he found his lady and Mr. *Searle* arrived before him. His lordship knew not how to tell them, that one so well acquainted with the world, was not capable of conducting a lady to the masquerade, and back again.—But it must

be known, and that nobleman delivered it in as gentle terms as possible. Love is quickly alarmed: Distraction seized the unhappy husband, who immediately resolved himself to go, on foot, in search of her. The Earl and Lady C—— were pierced to the heart with his complainings, and could not help reproaching themselves as the innocent cause of this so unexpected misfortune.

Mr. *Searle* long sought in every place of resort he could think of, but in vain. At last, as he was passing by a celebrated tavern, in the purlieus of *Covent-Garden*, he heard a female voice screaming very loud, which he fancied like that of his *Harriet*. He stopped a moment to listen, and hearing it repeated, was confirmed in his fears. Alone and unattended as he was, he rushed into the house, and running up stairs to the room from whence the noise proceeded, he burst the door, when, heavens! what a sight did he behold, his dear, his lovely *Harriet* on the ground, struggling against the united force of the vile Sir *L—R—*, and one of his friends, who together had bound her. He immediately flew, with his sword drawn,

drawn, and, careless of the odds, engaged them both. In the confusion the lights were extinguished:—Immediately after Sir *L*——’s friend exclaimed, “Now, “Sir, you may proceed; my sword is in the “husband’s body.”—“Fatal blow! (cried “a feeble voice) Alas! you have killed “your friend.—Oh! help me! save me! “I am wounded to death!” The people of the house coming up at the noise, with lights, soon cleared up the mystery. On one side lay *Harriet* bound, with dishevelled hair, and swooned away; on the other was the baronet, weltering in his blood, being mistaken in the dark for *Mr. Searle*, by his too officious friend.”

Regardless of every thing else, the tender husband flew to his lovely spouse, gently raising her in his arms, and proper methods were speedily used to recover her; but in the interim the base assistant of Sir *L*—— *R*—— made his escape. For his own part, he was taken up, and conveyed home on a litter, lamenting his fate in the most abject and womanish manner; for he proved, in this last trial, as great a coward as he was a libertine.

L 4

Mr.

Mr. *Searle*, meanwhile, having revived the drooping spirits of his fair consort, conducted her home with all the joy that can be supposed, after an adventure which threatened to deprive him of what he held dearer than life. Lord C—— and his lady, who had dispatched messengers all over the town to make enquiries for *Harriet*, were overjoyed to see him bring her home.—Yet it was a long while before her tender delicate frame recovered from the rude shock it had so lately sustained in defence of her honour.

But it is now necessary to give the reader some idea how this affair was brought about. Sir L—— R——, who saw them at the masquerade, and was, indeed, the very person that followed them, went out and changed his dress for one exactly like Lord C——'s; at the same time, a female, he had hired for the purpose, put herself in one like Mrs. *Searle*'s: she deceived that nobleman, as we have seen, and kept him employed; while the baronet, taking the hand of *Harriet*, making signs of silence, and pretending as if he was apprehensive of danger, put her into his own coach, which drove extremely

tremely fast, and stopped not till it reached the tavern we mentioned, where, in all probability, every one was in the plot; though they excused themselves, by saying they supposed Mrs. *Searle* to be his wife.

However that was, in spite of her shrieks, who had by this time discovered the imposture, he forced her into a room, by the assistance of his friend, who waited at the door for him; and having, between them, bound her, the vile libertine was proceeding to a violation which she was not in a condition to resist, when our Hero fortunately came to her relief, and the intended ravisher received, by mistake, a punishment from the hand of his accessory, which he deserved from that of the injured husband.—Thus ended an adventure which might have ruined, in a moment, the felicity of two of the most amiable of human beings for their whole lives.

Sir *L*—— *R*—— died of his wound, unpitied, unrevenged: as to the person whose error occasioned his death, many reasons concurred in determining him to leave *England*.

Soon after this affair, Mr. *Searle* was agreeably surprized to see his friend Captain *Clare* returned, and more so to perceive he had shaken off most of that gloom which before had clouded his brow. Of this he could not forbear taking notice, on which *Clare* told him he had great reason so to do; “For, my dear friend, (continued he,) I have, at last, found out the author of my being, and need not be ashamed to own him. The manner in which I came to the knowledge of it, was as follows.—There was a mantle found in my cradle, which was wrought with silver flowers, and which was given me by my generous benefactor who educated me, as he said it might one day perhaps, contribute to my finding my real parents; those were his almost prophetic words. By me it was kept as a relic of my former self, and always was laid up in the drawer of my cabinet at Mr. *Sedgely’s*; though he had never seen it.

“Since I left you, I went down to that gentleman’s house in the country, in hopes to find relief, from absence and the agreeable conversation of my patron,

“patron, and my other friends in the
“country; but in vain;—though re-
“moved from Miss *Constance*, her image
“was still present in my fancy, and ima-
“gination perpetually returned to my
“view her charms.

“Often did I retire to my chamber,
“and opening my drawer, cast my eyes
“upon the mantle, forming various con-
“jectures concerning the secret of my
“obscure birth.

“One day, while I was thus employed,
“being deep in thought, and having
“forgot to fasten the door, Mr. *Sedgely*,
“who had knocked two or three times
“unnoticed by me, advanced towards me
“before I was aware; and seeing me in
“a great hurry to lay by the mantle;
“What are you about, Mr. *Clare*, (cried
“he,) and to whom does that belong?”
“It is mine, at present, (returned I,) but
“how it first became so, or to whom I
“owe the gift, I am ignorant: I would
“to Heaven I knew!” “Will you per-
“mit me to examine it,” said the good
“old gentleman; and having looked on it
“earnestly, cried: “No! I am not deceiv-
“ed, it must be so.” Then he proceeded

“ to enquire of me how it came into my
 “ possession; and having answered faithfully to his questions, he exclaimed—
 “ Gracious Heaven! then you are my
 “ son!” and, so saying, he embraced me
 “ with a paternal affection:—“ Providence (continued he) sent you to me,
 “ and ordered that your own father
 “ should become the guardian of your
 “ youth. Twenty years are expired,
 “ since you, an infant in the arms of
 “ your nurse, were lost to us in *London*, where we then resided. That nurse,
 “ to whom you were committed, was
 “ found, too late, to be of a morose disposition, and careless of her charge: she
 “ had frightened you one day into convulsions by her rough usage; this drew
 “ on her the sharp rebukes of my dear
 “ deceased wife, who vowed to discharge
 “ her. But the next day, on pretence
 “ of orders from her mistress, she took
 “ you from a maid-servant, to whom
 “ you were afterwards entrusted, and went
 “ out in great haste: neither nurse nor
 “ child were ever heard of till this hour.
 “ —You then had on that mantle adorned with silver flowers. — After long
 “ searching for you in vain, we concluded.

“cluded the savage nurse had destroyed
“you. But you are restored, my son, to
“bless me. You know I always loved
“you, and had often thought of adopting
“you for my own; but that I feared to
“wrong my relations. Now that fear
“is lost, and Nature asserts her claim.—
“Come, then, my son, to the arms of
“thy new-found parent; come, and en-
“joy thy right, from which thou hast
“been so long excluded.”——Thus I
“came to the knowledge I so ardently
“wished to attain. From this my ten-
“der father, I have not concealed my
“passion for the amiable Miss *Constance*.
“I discharge you now, Mr. *Searle*, from
“your promise, and beg your interces-
“sion with her brother, if you think her
“heart is not otherwise engaged;—if
“it be, absorbed as I am in passion, I
“would rather die a thousand deaths,
“than wound her with the mention of it.
“This is the sum of all my story, and
“the occasion of all my joy.”

Our Adventurer heartily congratulated
his friend on this occasion, and promised
to use his good offices with the baronet,
whose lovely sister he did not in the least
doubt

doubt would hearken favourably to the addresses of so worthy and so accomplished a lover as the captain was.

When they returned to Lord C——, and the rest of the company, *Charles* approached in great form, saying, “Will your lordship give me leave to introduce this gentleman, a friend of mine?” —Sir,—Madam,—this is young Mr. *Sedgely*.” The company were not a little amazed, and almost imagined, as they well knew *Clare*, that our Hero had lost his senses. But Lady C—— rising up briskly, cried, “I give you joy, Sir, of your adoption:—Mr. *Sedgely* is a gentleman well endowed with the gifts of Fortune; I know none worthier than Captain *Clare* to possess them.”

This brisk turn of her ladyship saved that gentleman a great deal of confusion, and half disappointed Mr. *Searle* of his jest, who had greatly enjoyed the company’s surprize, and his friend’s embarrassment.

Though it was impossible for Lady C—— to guess the reality of the affair, yet her presence of mind, and amazing quickness

quickness of thought, had come very near it; on which she received the compliments of the company when the whole of the story was known, which, from such an assembly, there was no reason to conceal.

CHAP.

CHAPTER the LAST.

Reflexions.—Our Hero intercedes with Sir James Constance on behalf of his friend. Story of Miss Alton and Mr. Ayres continued. Letters from Madame d'Amboise, and Mr. Belville.—Conclusion.

LITTLE more now remains of that History, which has drawn the reader through so many tedious pages. It verges towards a conclusion; like all sub-lunary things it must have an end.—Even so (to compare great things with small) shall the great volume of the Universe itself one day be closed, and all the vast account of ages summed up and cancelled.

[Where then will be those works which their authors prophesied should be *eternal*? Where then the godlike poem of the sublime *Homer*; or the correct strains of the milder *Maro*? Where the wild profusions of the lofty *Pindar*, or the ever during monument of his *Roman* imitator?—All these shall be swallowed up in the gulph of Time; though they have survived cities, kingdoms, and empires, they must be lost at last, and leave
upon

upon the leaf of Nature an universal blank.

So perish all things but Virtue:—she shall survive the ages, and grow brighter through the perpetual duration of eternity. Happy those who have, in this life, by precept or example, contributed to support her. If their works live not, the experience of their good effects shall yet endure, and carry their reward with them.

Hence the praise of moral writings, not that inferior praise of such as instruct while they please, and represent Virtue in her own lovely dress, crowned with that good fortune which she cannot always be expected to meet in this imperfect state, and Vice, in all her horrors, loaded with those punishments, she but too often here, from the insufficiency of all human laws, must necessarily escape.]

But to leave this digression, and return to our History. — Mr. *Searle* kept his word, in interceding with Sir *James Constance*; and that gentleman declared, that nothing could be more pleasing to him, than an alliance with Captain *Sedgely*, (so he was now called,) provided his sister
could

could be brought to consent to it. " But
 " I am afraid (continued he) that must
 " be a work of time. For my own part,
 " I protest, I think I never saw a heart
 " more insensible to love then hers ; and
 " yet, which is surprizing, I think she
 " possesses the soft passion of pity, to the
 " highest degree, and the poet says, *Pity*
 " *melts the soul to love.*—However, I
 " sincerely wish she may be won upon to
 " change her state, and I think the happy
 " union of Mr. *Searle*, and his lovely
 " spouse, may be to her a good presage
 " of the like felicity.—After much con-
 " versation of this kind they separated."

Our Adventurer had scarce turned his back on the door, when a lady called to him from her chariot, which she desired he would step into. On recollection he found it was no other than Miss *Alton*, the lady whom we mentioned in the former volume, and who suffered such cruel treatment from Mr. *Ayres*, under the the name of *Harman* *.

Charles

* This gentleman's family name was really *Harman*; but his father having added that of *Ayres* to it, for the sake of possessing a fortune, he used both of them occasionally, as we have seen in the course of this History.

Charles was agreeably surprised, to see her situation altered so much for the better, at which testifying his joy, "I owe it all, Sir, said she, to the intercession of my good cousin, whom you saw, and who at last prevailed with my father to receive me.—Since that time I have been addressed by many, notwithstanding the stain cast on my honour by that vile seducer; but I never would, nor ever will bring pollution to the bed of a husband; happy in my single state, having more than enough to support me in affluence, I will never alter my condition, nor put it into the power of any one to reproach me for what was involuntary."

She was then curious to know what had happened to our Hero, which he related as briefly as possible, from the time they parted, to his happy union with Miss *Arran*.—When he mentioned the circumstance of the ship which sunk in the Channel, and the passenger who perished in her, Miss *Alton* seemed eager to know the particulars, and being informed of the master's name, together with all the little circumstances Mr.

Searle

Searle could recollect; — “ There,
“ then, cried she, perished my seducer.
“ Having been abroad for some time,
“ on his return to *England*, he entered
“ into a villainous scheme with that Earl
“ of *Gravelton*, whom I have heard you
“ mention, upon a gentleman’s wife.—
“ Not succeeding to his wish, and the
“ lady complaining to her husband of his
“ boldness, he was engaged in a duel, in
“ which his superior skill, and the un-
“ guarded passion of the gentleman who
“ encountered him, gave him the victory:
“ he no sooner saw his antagonist fall,
“ dead, as he thought, at his feet, than
“ he betook himself to flight, but was
“ closely followed, and several times
“ narrowly escaped the hands of his
“ pursuers; for Mr. *Maine* (the gentle-
“ man whom he had injured) was a
“ person greatly beloved. Fatigued, and
“ in great terrors of mind, he at last
“ reached *Dover*, and embarked, having
“ paid above double price for his passage,
“ on board the vessel you mentioned;
“ but the vengeance of Heaven, due to
“ his manifold crimes, has pursued him,
“ and he has at last received at sea that
“ death he has so often merited at land.
“ Mr.

“Mr. *Maine*, whose wound was not
“mortal, though dangerous, is since
“recovered, and lives happily with his
“virtuous consort.”

Leaving Miss *Alton*, Mr. *Searle* returned to Lord C——’s, where he surprized Miss *Constance* and his *Harriet* in private conference on the same subject he had been discussing with her brother. The result was, that Mr. *Clare* (now *Sedgely*) should have her permission for his addressee, her brother consenting, a circumstance which, when our Adventurer mentioned as a settled point, no objection remained.

Mr. *Sedgely* about this time came to town, and promised every thing that could be done on his part to render the match agreeable to the baronet. But Miss *Constance* was not to be won on a sudden; though she permitted the captain to address her, yet she reserved to herself the absolute determination of every thing relative to the issue of his courtship.

In effect, she purposely delayed the time, for no other reason (as she afterwards acknowledged) than that she might not give her lover a hand without a heart.

She

238 *The WANDERER.*

She knew his worth, and at that time loved no one better; but this kind of negative liking, she never could imagine suitable to the solemn vow and intimate connexions of the marriage state. That lady was resolved at least to try if she could not bring herself first to *love*, before she promised to *obey* him.

Time and his assiduities brought this to bear, and she absolutely declared he had won her affections, or she never would have given him her vows; and this appeared sufficiently in that dear affection and conjugal tenderness, which afterwards evinced her love. The ceremony passed in Lord C——'s chapel, his lordship and his lady, Mr. *Searle*, his consort, then a happy mother, her brother the baronet, and old Mr. *Sedgely*, being present. *Clare* received her hand with transport, and thought himself arrived at the height of human felicity, when he enjoyed a female of such rare mental and personal accomplishments.

In consequence of this union, our Hero became acquainted with a secret which neither he nor (we believe) the reader could ever otherwise have penetrated; it was no other than the discovery of the writer
of

of those letters which he received during the course of his excesses.

Miss *Constance* (now Mrs. *Sedgely*) being one day very busy in looking over some papers, the contents of which she communicated to her husband, stopped suddenly at a small parcel, which, she said, with a smile, it was not proper he should see; but the captain, having espied the name of *Searle*, and becoming still more curious to know what it contained, his consort complying with his request, he found them to be the identical letters mentioned in our first volume, a discovery, which the lady could, by no means, prevail on her husband to hide from our Hero.

This exalted beauty, as it appeared, had traced him through various scenes in town, by means of a faithful servant, and had absolutely determined privately to relieve his necessities, when his sudden journey to R——, mentioned in the fourth book, prevented her generosity.—*Charles*, informed of these particulars, entertained a still higher respect for the lady, who might be justly proposed as a pattern of disinterested virtue.

About

About this time, Mr. *Searle* received, by a packet from *France*, letters of congratulation from Mademoiselle de *Cherbillon*, who was then become Countess d'*Amboise*. In these she shewed a thorough sorrow for what had passed, and solicited a pardon, without which, she said, she could not live in peace.

The Count (who was even at that very time ignorant of the deceit which had been put upon him, and of the subject of the private letters,) had recovered by slow degrees : he loved her with a tender affection; and once, when they were on the sea, in a pleasure-boat, which overset near the shore, he preserved her life at the utmost hazard of his own, and brought her safe to land. This, and her danger, wrought a reformation in her life : she accepted him out of gratitude, (for her father would never have forced her will in that point,) and deeply touched with remorse for the injury our Adventurer had received from her, wrote the above, to ask that forgiveness which it was not in his temper to refuse his repentant enemies.

A pac.

A packet also arrived from *Belville*, which mentioned the death of Mr. *Merton*, in whose retirement, however, that gentleman and his *Charlotte* determined to spend their days. The policy of the *Jesuits* having alarmed the inhabitants of *Yluana*, they had made an order that no *European* should remain in their country; in consequence of which, the pious *Welden* was obliged to leave his solitude; and arriving at *Buenos Ayres*, happened by chance to light on *Belville*, and had gladly consented to be a companion to him in his retirement, which even he himself owned to be more agreeable and more suitable to the nature of a social being. His letters to his dear pupil were sensible and affecting; age had not yet weakened his senses, nor troubles impaired his memory.

Mr. *Searle* received a sensible joy from the perusal of these letters, which he communicated to his *Harriet*: she had blessed him with a beautiful boy, in whom the fire and vivacity of his father were joined to the gentle softness of his amiable mother.

As for the other personages mentioned in these volumes, we shall give as brief an account of them as possible.

And to speak first of Lord C——, afterwards honoured with a high post by the government, he and his amiable lady, still live beloved by all, near the court, and enjoy all the happiness wealth, honour, and virtue can bestow.

The Earl of *Gravelton*, who is also yet alive, having in a public station rendered himself odious to his country, and nearly ruined his fortune by his extravagances, solicited in the most abject terms for a pension, on which chiefly he subsists, still affecting to exhibit the shadow of that state his behaviour so justly forfeited. Friends he has none, and most of his relations detest him: however, he yet survives, the plague of himself, and the detestation of mankind.

The colonel, whom we have had such frequent occasion to mention, failing in some of his plots for the Earl's service, was cast off, together with young *Newman*; — the stranger whom *Belville*
men-

mentioned, having supplanted them, succeeded to his lordship's favour, and, we hear, is now busy writing pamphlets in defence of his ch—r—ct—r.

Soon after, the two discarded pandars quarrelling, the good colonel suddenly drew and mortally wounded *Newman*; the latter dying, the officer fled, and after being outlawed, expired in extreme poverty in the States dominions.

Jack Rattle, whom the reader may remember to have gone abroad to his relations, was so fortunate as to be well received by them, and having long lived as a merchant in foreign parts, returned at last to settle in *London*.

His female cousin, who was so piously brought up, was led astray by a young and wicked officer, at which the good doctor fretted himself to death; and his wife having decently mourned for him about two months, married at last a noted dissenting Teacher, with a view of having an upper seat in the meeting, which had been refused her in the church.

Mr. *Quarme*, the misanthrope, having been obliged to drop his suit, retired
M. 2 from

244 *The* W A N D E R E R.

from the world to a solitude; where he lived, like another *Timon*, snarling at mankind, unblessing and unblest, and dying, left the world an example of great talents misapplied, and rendered a perpetual torment to their possessor.

Young *Soothly* married the fair dame whom we have described at large in the fourth book, and being introduced to a certain celebrated baronet, who would fain pass for a great genius in the literary way, subsisted on writing miscellaneous tracts, to which his patron's name was constantly affixed; and for this he was amply gratified by that gentleman, receiving, in the room of his current wit, current coin; both parties thus making an exchange of superfluities with each other.

The faithful attendant of Miss *Merton* succeeded to unexpected good fortune, and was, in the end, married to Mr. *Arlington*.

That gentleman had at last conquered his fruitless passion for *Charlotte*, whose letters to *Charles*, and those of her to him, were intercepted by some of his friends, and presented to his view; — and this was
the

the reason Miss *Merton* complained she could not hear any thing from our Hero for so long a time.—Thus Fate led that young lady, almost against her will, to that happy state, she could never otherwise have arrived.

Sir *James Constance*, Captain *Sedgely* and his lady, lived in mutual harmony with Mr. *Searle* and his amiable bride, who still enjoy all the happiness which virtue, mutual love, and tenderness, and the gifts of fortune can bestow. In the evening of life they retreated to the seat of Mr. *Arran*, who by that time had paid the debt of Nature. There they live happy in the remembrance of passed joys, and the present blessings of their offspring, trained in the ways of Virtue.

AND now, Reader, having brought thee to the end of thy journey, we will take leave; heartily wishing, that if there be in this groupe of figures any shining character which strikes thee, thou wouldest attempt to imitate it. If, on the contrary, thou findest any hideous portraits, we would have thee look upon them

246 *The* W A N D E R E R.

them as marks whereby to shun the rocks that others have split upon.

In fine, be not curious in searching out whom the particular characters may best suit, but rather consider the whole in the light all history should be considered, as conveying a lesson of morality; for which, if but one single person should be the wiser, or the better, it would be a satisfaction to

The E D I T O R.

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